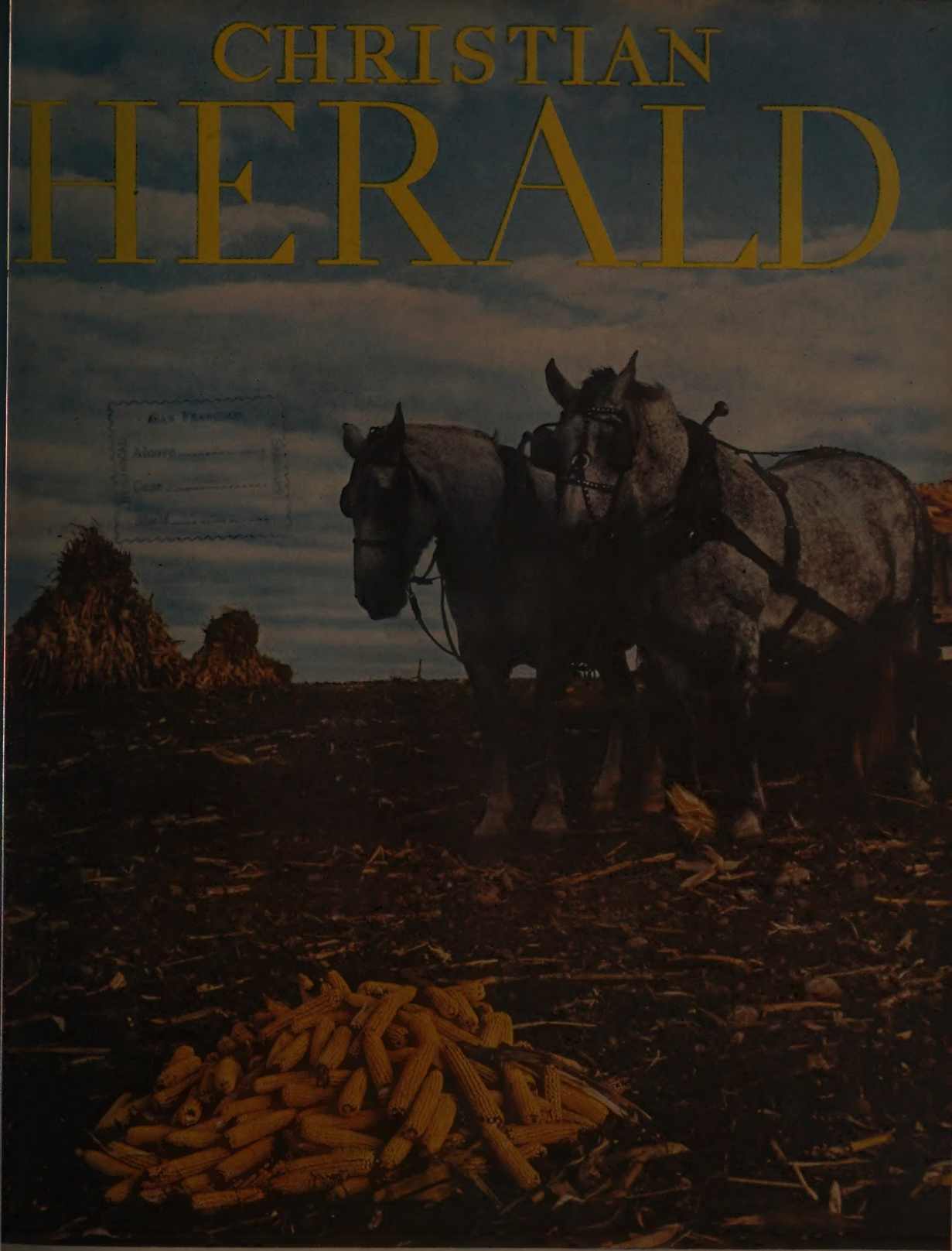
CHRISTIAN HERALD



OCTOBER 1940 ★ TWENTY-FIVE C

E MAN WHO GETS THINGS DO

elt, Jr.

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The explanation of this painting is found on page two, this issue

☆

From the Arena Chapel, Padua

This is the Offer

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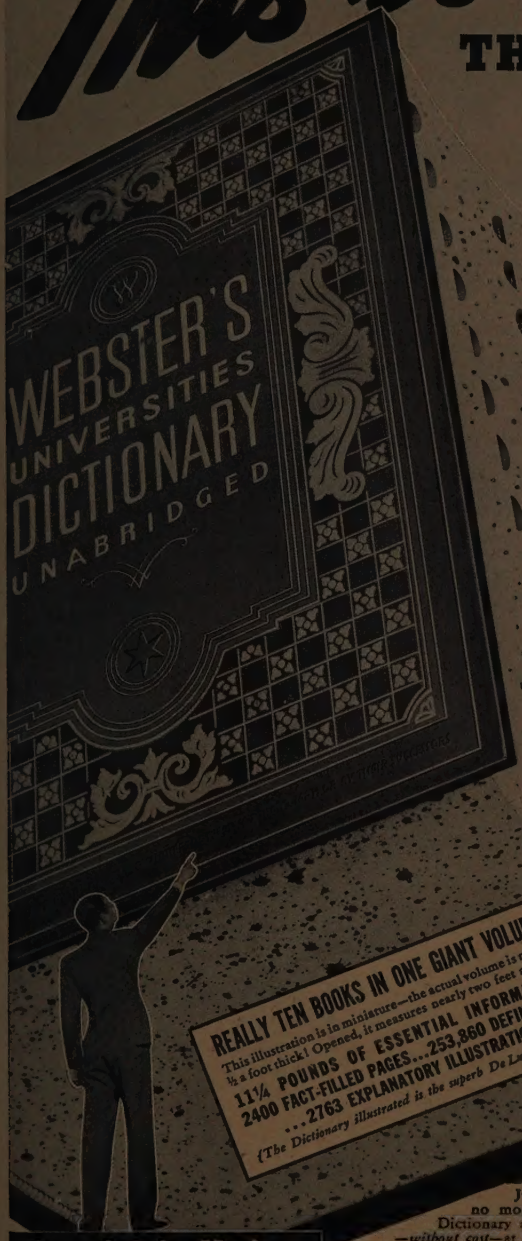

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THE DEPOSITION

GIOTTO

(FLORENTINE SCHOOL)

AS CONCERNS the technique of painting, Giotto's problem was to relieve objects from the flatness of the wall, and to enhance their emotional appeal by making them massive and solid. To a degree he succeeded: his figures have the monumental bulk and strength of sculpture; but he had so many difficulties to surmount that he left anatomical details, surface embellishments, the minute study of faces and muscular actions, and the intricacies of perspective and light and shade, to the men who came after him. But the absence of a more modern technique does not diminish the forcefulness of his art, or its capacity to express, with the utmost directness and clarity, the various states of the soul. The arms of his figures, for example, removed from their context, are only elongated triangles encased in stiff folds of cloth; the hands are too small, the fingers thin and inflexible. Conjoined with his fingers, outstretched in gestures of supplication, or drawn back in terror, they become elements in a larger symbolism conveying both the essential drama of a specific situation, and emotions which have troubled the human race since the dawn of time.

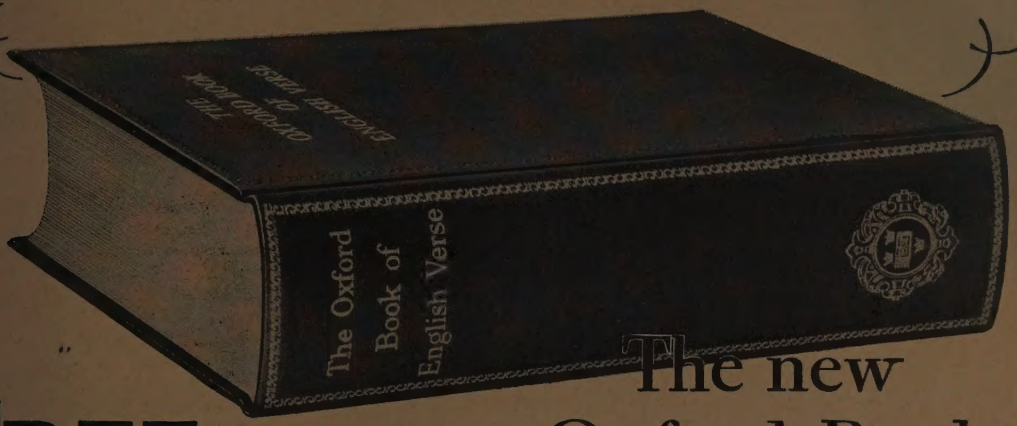
The spirit of the frescoes in the Arena Chapel rises from the quiet nobility of the stories of Joachim and Anna, through the measured flow of sorrow in the second cycle, to the tragic eloquence of The Deposition. This picture, as a rendering of the sharpest agonies of the wounded spirit by means of figures stripped of every distracting refinement, is perhaps the greatest of Giotto's frescoes. There is no background, and no landscape; the scene is enacted among the rocks by men and women hewn from rocks. The characters in the tragedy are grouped concentrically, with every line and gesture leading to the body of Christ which rests on the knees of the Virgin. Mary Magdalen holds the feet; St. John leans forward, and the helpless Joseph stands behind the Magdalen—while the general lamentation is enforced from above by a choir of grief-stricken angels. There is not a false or artificial attitude in the composition—not a wasted line or contour. The story is told with the dramatic intensity of the written version in the Gospels: it is told with the compassion and humanity of the earliest of the Florentine masters.

NUMBER FIVE

This is the fifth of a series of reproductions in *Christian Herald* of the great religious paintings. The originals, all by old masters, are in various parts of the world, and all valuable beyond price. Accompanying each reproduction will be a description of the painting and something about the artist, by the noted art critic, Thomas Craven. The picture next month will be The Annunciation, by Fra Angelico.

We are able to present this feature to *Christian Herald* readers through arrangement with Simon and Schuster, publishers of "The Treasury of Art Masterpieces."

"All that is imperishable of England"



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AN average of *only half an hour a day* would have enabled you to read, within the past few months, every one of the following widely-discussed new books:

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HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY *by Richard Llewellyn*
I MARRIED ADVENTURE *by Osa Johnson*
AS I REMEMBER HIM *by Hans Zinsser*
AMERICAN WHITE PAPER *by J. Alsop and R. Kintner*
STARS ON THE SEA *by F. van Wyck Mason*
KITTY FOYLE *by Christopher Morley*
THE NAZARENE *by Sholem Asch*
WIND, SAND AND STARS *by Antoine de Saint Exupéry*
ESCAPE *by Ethel Vance*

Instead, you may have been confessing to friends that you could "never get around to reading books."

Over 250,000 book-reading families—persons like yourself—have found a subscription to the Book-of-the-Month Club by far the most effectual way to keep themselves from missing the new books they are really interested in. It is an interesting fact that, of the national best-sellers listed above, *eight were chosen as the book-of-the-month.*

You are not obliged, as a member of the Club, to take the book-of-the-month its judges choose. Nor are you obliged to buy one book every month from the Club.

You receive a carefully written report about the book-of-the-month chosen by our judges, *in advance of its publication.* If it is a book you really want, you let it come to you. If not, you merely sign and mail a slip, saying, "Don't want it."

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Out of my MAIL

By DANIEL A. POLING

ORGANIZER AND LEADER OF THE NATIONAL

We have heard nothing in several years concerning Kagawa, of Japan. Is he still alive?

VERY much alive! and the most vital Christian influence in Japan. He travels constantly in the Orient, preaching the Gospel. Under his direct supervision are four settlements, six cooperatives, six slum kitchens, three hospitals, seventeen kindergartens, three tuberculosis sanitaria, three gospel schools, one domestic science school, two magazines, one farm, and nineteen churches.

He is not dead!

(Note: Recent dispatches state that Kagawa has been arrested in Japan for radicalism! Ed.)

How long do you think a courtship should last before there is an engagement?

IT SHOULD be neither too long nor too short, but it should last forever! A serious courtship should lead to engagement and a happy marriage.

Do you believe that religion can be taught in public schools without endangering the American principle of Separation of Church and State?

I DO. Religion, as distinguished from sectarianism or the tenets of a particular creedal faith, may and should be taught in public schools. Pittsburgh conducts a successful demonstration of how this may be done. By agreement among the three faiths, the children of each faith receive religious instruction from their particular churches. This instruction is a recognized part of the curriculum, and those receiving it also receive school credits. Too many states do not require even the reading of the Bible. But Bible reading is not enough. Definite religious instruction as of the Pittsburgh plan is an imperative of our present social and political crisis. Such instruction will strengthen every principle and institution of American freedom.

You gave some interesting material on the Baptist denomination in one of your answers recently. Do you have corresponding figures for the united Methodist Church?

THE *Pasadena Star News* has given a condensation of figures for united Methodism that is most interesting:

"During the year, 309,382 children and adults were baptized; 308,033 new members were received and 7,948,378 members were reported, an increase of 92,313. The Bible school enrollment was 5,978,533, an increase of 52,378. There were 876,053 members of young people's societies, an increase of 7,860. Because of greater care in the reporting of congregations, there was a gain of 1,895, for a total of 48,150 reported congregations. The net value of churches, parsonages, and other property, not including colleges, hospitals, homes, etc., was $664,362,386, an increase of $7,887,519.

"Ministerial support increased $550,591. General and Annual Conference benevolences decreased $328,752, with the total cash raised for expenses and benevolences amounting to $80,800,978, an increase of $256,981. The per capita payment was $10.17, a decrease of eight cents."

Is it possible to appraise the psychological or moral effect of Hitler's philosophy of government upon German life?

A COMPLETE appraisal is impossible, but Dr. Karl Barth has written recently: "After having made Germany from end to end a land of fear and terror, Hitler's National Socialism has become a menace to the whole of Europe. This menace has led to an awakening in the midst of the sin and shame of all nations; there still remains, through the goodness of God, something of law and order, of free humanity, and above all, and as that which gives its meaning to all else, of freedom to proclaim the gospel. Where Hitler reigns, even this remnant is destroyed. Our generation would be

BUSINESS AND EDITORIAL OFFICES, 419 Fourth Ave., New York

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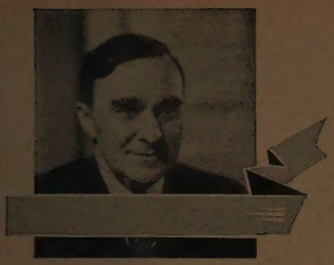

YOUTH RADIO CONFERENCE

answerable before God and before men if the attempt were not made to put an end to the menace of Hitler."

Can a Christian buy stock in a good company, not for speculation but as an investment? Is this consistent or is it gambling?

IT CERTAINLY is consistent. Buying stocks outright is as much a legitimate business transaction as buying a house or a horse. But buying stock on margin is speculation and another matter entirely.

I understand that President Beury, of Temple University, made this statement: "Christianity is in imminent danger of annihilation." In Matthew 16:18, I read: "Upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Who is right?

JESUS is, of course, right, and it is Jesus who is quoted in Matthew 16:18. On the other hand, I do not know that President Beury made the statemnet attributed to him. If he did, what he unmistakably meant was that Christianity as an organization today, and Christian civilization, is in danger of destruction. Many interpretations have been placed upon words. I am sure that the president would agree with me that no storm, however great, no victory of evil and paganism, however complete, could ever destroy Christianity. Christianity is Truth, and Truth is eternal.

My besetting sin is a terrible temper. I want to overcome it. Can you help me?

THE one asking this question has already helped herself. If she will pray very definitely and seek then on each occasion when control is lost to regain control immediately, she will find herself moving forward steadily toward the goal of her worthy purpose.

And remember always that God can help us in all our difficulties.

CHRISTIAN HERALD
OCTOBER, 1940 Vol. 63, No. 10

Published monthly at 419 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y., by Christian Herald Association, Inc. President . . . Daniel A. Poling; Vice President . . . J. Paul Maynard; Treasurer . . . Irene Wilcox.

What to do about the money that slips through your fingers

IF you're average and human, there's a hole in your pocket.

Through it, day by day, slip pennies, nickels, quarters . . . money spent for inconsequential trifles.

At the time you never miss it. Yet, as time goes on, comes this disquieting thought: "I have earned, in all, a sizeable sum. More than enough, really, to have been building up a backlog for the future—a backlog against the inevitable leaner years. Yet thus far, I have set aside nothing. *Where has my money gone . . . ?*"

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HELP US
build the new China?

TWO decades ago China was fighting the greatest famine in modern times—America was raising and sending them millions of dollars so that men, women and children should not starve. To this famine can be traced the beginning of Christian Herald's active interest in a work we have carried on ever since. We asked Christian Herald readers to feed these people and they gave so generously that we were able for many years to support an orphanage and a mission in Foochow.

As the children of the Orphanage grew older and ready to leave, we found ourselves faced with the problem of finding work for them—something they could do to support themselves. They were not all capable of being preachers and teachers. In those days there was a stigma attached to physical labor of any kind, nevertheless we added to our work in China an Industrial School in which the graduate students could be trained to be self supporting.

Today Christian Herald's Industrial Missions have a printing plant, a carpentry and a furniture business that helps to support the smaller children of the orphanage and gives jobs to the older boys. Without these jobs life would have been most difficult in these war years. Our boys have not only built new buildings for our mission and school but have earned money by building for others. And the girls have not been neglected for they, too, have been trained in canning, sewing, gardening and in the duties of being wife and mother.

But the story we really want to tell you has to do with a further development of our usefulness.

In the years to come China was to face a tragedy greater than famine—out of this charity her people were to be drawn closer together and as one people find themselves fighting a common enemy. A Christian Chinese was to lead them—a leader who knew his people and his country, its weakness and its strength: Chiang Kai-shek. In the last few years, he and his staff have come to realize that if China is to be saved it must be saved by something more than bullets.

Hidden from the eye of the destructive bombing plane, small industrial plants have grown—shops and factories that employ thousands of Chinese are utilizing and manufacturing products native to their immediate neighborhood. No more does the Chinese lose face who labors; rather has he become as important as the soldier who fights with deadly weapons.

This new China is hungry for industrially trained leaders—your Industrial Mission is ready to serve with teachers and leaders—what a wonderful opportunity for Christianity!

We have been playing a small part in this industrial growth but we want to do more—we want to send Charles Culver, our industrially trained missionary, back to China—we want him to serve in one of these new industrial communities. Christianity is playing a vital part in this growing of China and your Industrial School has a great deal to give China in the way of actual experience and men.

Are you interested in seeing us be part of this great move forward? Shall we let our industrially trained young men use the knowledge we have given them to serve China? Shall we take our part with other Christian workers and help save China for her own people? Only you can give us these answers—and to say "yes" means your continued support of our Orphanage and Industrial Schools—and your help to send Mr. Culver back to China.

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Our answer is "YES"—we enclose.....

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NEWS DIGEST *of the month*

EDITED BY GABRIEL COURIER

A DEPARTMENT OF INTERPRETATION AND COMMENT ON THE MONTH'S CHIEF EVENTS

AT HOME

BOATS, BASES: "The biggest horse trade in history," one editor terms the recent agreement with Britain by which the United States acquires a chain of air and naval bases extending from Newfoundland to South America, in exchange for fifty over-age destroyers of World War vintage. The President himself calls the transaction the most important, to us, since the Louisiana Purchase; there seems to be general agreement that it is, at least, the most important act of Mr. Roosevelt's entire administration. The bases acquired, chiefly on ninety-nine year leases, stretch 4500 miles in a rough crescent, from Newfoundland, through Bermuda, Jamaica, Antigua, Santa Lucia, Trinidad, into Guiana. These, when the bases are completed, will fully protect the Panama Canal, and afford our Atlantic Coast as complete protection from invasion as seems to be humanly possible. England, in turn, pledges herself never to scuttle or surrender any part of her fleet to the Nazis, no matter what may happen.

On the whole the country seems to approve the transaction, although there is some criticism on the ground that the matter was not first submitted to Congress for its approval. In fact the entire United States heaved a great sigh of relief and satisfaction that the greatest danger of invasion has at last been adequately guarded against. To the additional criticism that giving up the destroyers weakens our naval defense in time of danger, Rear Admiral Woodward, of New York, points out that these vessels were of little use to this country, since they are outmoded and lack the modern equipment necessary for use in warfare. They are of great value to England, however, as convoys for merchant and passenger vessels, thus releasing more modern destroyers for actual war use. Admiral Woodward points out that we have now, in commission, 78 new, modern destroyers, with 57 others building, and 115 authorized. We have also on hand 125 old World War destroyers. So perhaps we are not weakened so much after all; and we can all take satisfaction that our defenses will now be well nigh impregnable from the Atlantic side; while rumor has it that similar bases are to be acquired in the Pacific. Perhaps now we can sleep better.

WAR! With the Burke-Wadsworth bill safely through the Senate and apparently sure of approval in some form by the House and the President, the United States is as near a war basis as it is possible to be without actually being at war. It is a situation thoroughly unique in American history.

How we got this way is history; how the machinery of conscription is working today and will work tomorrow will make more history. Already the first National Guard regiments are on their way to camp, under the new law provided for their mustering; the first 50,000 Guarders were called around Sept. 15; 50,000 more are due on October 15, and so on, until some 400,000 are in camp.

Outside the Guard, the draftees will be selected through local facilities from Maine to Florida. The first of them will be in uniform by January 1st, 1941; April 1st will find another 400,000 in camp, and an additional 600,000 will follow by October 1st. Additional 400,000-lots will be called up each April 15 and October 15.

It may not be a democratic method, but it seems the only way to guarantee the future of democracy.

Later. As we go to press news comes that the bill has passed. Age limit, 21 to 35. The 60-day delay is out. Industrial conscription stays in.

LAST LAP: With Mr. Willkie and Mr. Roosevelt neck and neck in the last lap of their race to the White House, it might be well for John Citizen to remind himself that these two are not the only ones in the running, and not the only ones he will be called upon to vote for. There is Congress. . . .

Remember when Mr. Hoover was President? He was a hamstrung president with an antagonistic Congress fighting for the chance to throw stumbling-blocks in his path. Now if Mr. Willkie is elected with a Republican Congress—what happens then? Read the Elwood acceptance speech of the Republican candidate and then read what the Republican membership of Congress is doing right now, and you will realize how far Elwood is from Washington. The G. O. P. element of Congress is behaving in direct contradiction to the principles laid down at Elwood by Mr. Willkie.

Undoubtedly Willkie's greatest task will be to prove to the American people that he can control his party, and get things done in Congress. The prospect for quick emergency action on defense measures is not so good, if Mr. Willkie fails to do just that; and a divided Congress would be deadly. But one look at Willkie's jaw should convince a lot of us. And the statisticians tell us that if he is elected, he will have a Republican majority in the House even if he fails to get one in the Senate. So watch the Congressional elections as you vote for President; it's vital.

If Mr. Roosevelt is elected, on the other hand, with that Republican House, he will have his hands full. And he will have something else to deal with; in such an emergency as this, he will be compelled to scrap much of the New Deal ideology and procedure. The last ten years have given us an alarming shortage of tools, skilled workers and production managers, and, coupled with the intensified labor fight of the moment, that spells "Crisis." Can Roosevelt get action? This Democratic Congress that is now in Washington certainly hasn't distinguished itself for speed; Secretary Stimson tells us that only a small part of the scheduled 50,000 planes have been *ordered*, and for weeks Congress has been squabbling over the question of giving the plane manufacturers an eight per cent profit before taxes are paid or after! It may not be the President's fault, but . . . there it is.

Only one question concerns John Q. Voter: can the man he elects to the highest office in the land get done what so urgently needs to be done? This isn't just another Presidential election; it is the soberest hour in American history.

CENSUS: The figure-factory set up in the Census Bureau at Washington has begun turning our reports on the 1940 count that really mean something. All

Harvest Moon

the evidence has not been considered yet, but from what we read so far it is plain that America is going back to the farm. For the first time in our history, during the 1930-1940 decade, we have grown faster in rural than in urban sections.

That means change socially, politically, economically, and perhaps even religiously. The industrial East lags and the rural South shows a marked increase; this may be due to our curtailment of immigration and to birth control, both great social problems. The depression periods always mean a lower birth rate—which means that while we have more people, we have fewer young people. Labor problems will be different, as the population goes rural; markets will be deeply affected. Culture changes are due; rural areas are notoriously lacking in the finer education opportunities of the cities. Politics will certainly take on a different complexion, inasmuch as the representation in the national Legislature is on the basis of population: the South will send more Democrats, and the Far West, also showing a large population increase, will send more rural-minded and liberal politicians to Washington.

There is still a large slice of the country to be heard from: the suburban areas, which are neither urban nor rural. The picture may change a bit when the suburban count is announced.

ALIENS: The aliens of the country have started registering their names with the government. The job will take four months.

At the conclusion of the four-months period, Uncle Sam will not have any exact count of the aliens within his borders, but he will have something more than a good idea. And any non-American who fails or refuses to register will be a fugitive from justice, with a $1000 fine and six months in jail hanging over his head. Those who are wise will be glad to register; this enrollment is more for protection of the alien than for his surveillance. There is always a great chance for bigoted injustice and even violence against the foreign-born in times of war, and by registration and identification, the stranger within our gates finds a protection he did not enjoy in 1917-18. Those who do not register will be considered as those who have something to conceal—and their apprehension will be easier.

Uncle Sam has little idea of how many aliens he has. Undoubtedly the great majority of them are friendly and pro-American, but then there 25,000 drilled and disciplined men in the German-American Bund, better than 400,000 other Germans who are Hitler sympathizers, 200,000 Italian Fascists, and 100,000 Communists. The registration authorities may get them; if they don't the F. B. I. will.

SECRETARY: The charge that theorists have monopolized the President's cabinet are perhaps well-founded; few of the Secretaries came up from the ranks. Henry A. Wallace, now running for Vice President and up to now Secretary of Agriculture, was no "up from the farm" man, nor were most of his helpers in the Department of Agriculture. Quite a change arrives in the appointment of Mr. Claude Wickard as the man appointed, to take the place of the resigned Mr. Wallace.

Wickard, several years in the Department, also raises wheat, alfalfa, corn, cattle and hogs on his farm in Carroll County, Indiana (which state, according to Mr. Willkie, produces the very *best* farmers!). His hands are calloused, and his brain is sharp. Just a few weeks back he came within an inch of predicting the exact corn-yield of the country for 1940 (2,415,988,000 bushels).

Taking over, Mr. Wickard said, humbly and gratefully, "I intend to carry out the policies of Henry A. Wallace." Men who know who's who around Washington laughed at that; they say that Wickard has been the real brain of the Department of Agriculture for the last seven years—that he and not the Secretary put the programs to work. So Wickard will probably carry on the program of—Wickard.

OUTPOSTS: There are three doors through which Hitler might try to enter the United States, if and when: he might try an entrance through South America, from an island base in the Caribbean, or by way of Greenland, Newfoundland and Canada. Knowing that, swift moves have been made this month to fortify new U. S. outposts in all three directions, to get there before Hitler starts. That's the only way to beat Hitler.

Joint Canadian-U. S. committees of five men each are now discussing the joint fortification of Canada and the States; the President started it a few weeks ago with a four-hour conversation in an automobile near the Canadian border. Canada will not be hard to defend—nature beat the militarist to it, up there. An invading army, entering by the only possible route from the North, would have to get through a rocky wilderness with only two railroads; Hudson Bay, into which an aircraft carrier might come, is open only four months of the year. The Labrador Coast is all but impossible, and when the projected British-American air bases are built in Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, the invader would find the odds about 100 to 1 against him at the start.

South America looks easier; the U. S. has just acquired bases in Trinidad and British Guiana. Now watch for negotiations for an airbase on the tip of the "Brazilian bulge." The success of the Pan American Conference at Havana put down a good foundation for further concord.

And the Caribbean? That Mr. Churchill was not fooling when he offered us air and naval bases down there is now proven by the recent "trade". England welcomes U. S. cooperation in defending that portion of her Empire as quickly as we welcome her cooperation in defending the U. S. Now that the establishment of these 99-year bases in the North Atlantic and the Caribbean has definitely come about, the U. S. has pushed its outer defense against Hitler and Japan some six hundred miles to sea. And six hundred miles may look big to the totalitarians—especially since one of them has found the twenty-two miles from Calais to Dover so hard to bridge.

And speaking of defense, both President Roosevelt and Wendell Willkie have declared their conviction that it is vitally

necessary to look after our inner defenses, as well as our military ones. Thank God that at this critical time two such men understand so clearly that the inner, heart-defenses are the most impregnable of all.

TALK: We saw a movie the other day, "The Man Who Talked Too Much." It made us think of some of our diplomats who have been leaping into the fryingpan of political criticism for talking out of their turn, if not too much. To wit, Mr. Cromwell, Mr. Cudahy, Mr. Bullitt.

Mr. Cromwell, called on Mr. Hull's carpet for un-diplomatic utterance, resigned under fire; he spoke not wisely and not well. Mr. Cudahy walked the same carpet and came off exonerated; his was a case of pure misrepresentation, and we all ought to be warned by his exoneration that we ourselves should not talk too much about our diplomats unless we know what we're talking about. With Mr. Bullitt it's different. This man watched the destruction of France, and he warns us that we're next—after Britain. He trampled on some toes: "When are we going to let legislators in Washington know that we don't want any more politicians who are afraid of the next election and scared to ask us to make the sacrifices that we know are necessary."

And the politicians struck back by asking for Bullitts' trial and impeachment! Nobody seems to doubt that he knows—and nobody who knows thinks he has the slightest chance of returning to France. Question: have the politicians belittled Bullitt, or besmirched themselves?

ABROAD

ENGLAND: Everything is up in the air in England; the greatest air war of all time is taking place between London and the Channel. The fate of democracy and the free nations of the West rides in the cockpits of a few thousand British Hurricane and Spitfire fighter-aeroplanes, struggling to stem the Nazi tide of bombers and Messerschmitts. As we go to press they are doing a good job of it.

It would take a super-statistician plus a super-guesser to make sense out of the conflicting reports of gains and losses in planes, in this air battle, but an average judgment may be made fairly safely from a comparison of communiqués from both sides. Allowing the maximum for propaganda, it looks as if the Germans were losing ten per cent of their fighters and twenty per cent of their bombers in nearly every raid, while the British are losing at best five per cent of their fighters and almost none of their bombers. This means that the fearful numerical superiority of the Nazis has been cut already, during the Channel Blitzkrieg, to a ratio of about four to three—not such a disparity after all.

German raids over England are suffering pauses—due either to bad flying weather (which will grow worse as winter comes) or to unadmittedly severe losses in planes and pilots. But the British, unhampered by fogs over Germany, are hammering away at the same objectives night after night, smashing not only munitions dumps but morale, which is more important. It is also significant that while German losses have included both men and flying machines,

NANCY BROWN'S CARILLON, IN BELLE ISLE PARK, DETROIT, BUILT WITH MONEY DONATED IN SMALL AMOUNTS BY READERS OF NANCY BROWN'S COLUMN IN THE DETROIT NEWS, AND COMPLETED AFTER SEVERAL YEARS OF STRUGGLE AND THREATENED FAILURE

more than fifty per cent of the British flyers downed have bailed out with parachutes.

NOW OR NEVER: It's a case of now or never, with the Germans. Hitler has reached the limit that Napoleon reached: the beaches of the continent, the chalk cliffs of Dover. Between him and complete domination of Europe lies a tantalizing little strip of water twenty-two miles wide—and so far his air fleet has not been equal to the job of conquering it.

If that air-arm of the Nazis fails to open the way in the next twenty days, the whole war will take on a vastly different aspect. Bad weather sets in over the Channel during the last ten days of September, and lasts through the winter. To land an invading force on the British side during that weather is just about impossible; if they did manage to land, they would have impassable water behind them and 1,500,000 British troops waiting to mow them down. If the Germans cannot get that invading force on Britain's soil this month, they will not get them there this year. And if Germany has to face a winter of war—well, this writer for one would hate to be in Germany.

It's now or never, for Mr. Hitler. Something tells us it is never—that Hitler missed the bus when he failed to cross the Channel *immediately* after the collapse of France. But only time will tell.

NEW WEAPONS: Every new war brings new weapons, and this one has brought them in abundance. Two new defensive weapons being used by the British are important.

One is the barrage balloon. Tethered to fast motor trucks or to ships, they are worrying the Germans badly. Once tangled in the wire that leads down from the balloon to the truck, a plane is doomed. Forced to high altitude to escape the wire, bombing effectiveness is lost, and the British fighters have the bomber exactly at the altitude where they want him. Many a Messerschmitt has been plunging in desperation at those balloons this last week. They are not doing it just for fun; those balloons, once laughed at by Berlin, are serious barriers to German victory. They are the cheapest weapon in England; a balloon can be patched up and sent aloft again within a few hours!

The other development is in the field of radio. You may have noticed that when the British bombers got over Hamburg and Berlin and the Ruhr, German radio stations went off the air; the waves from the transmitting stations are used as a guiding beam by the invading pilots. But British stations stay on the air when the Germans come over. Why? The answer, the technicians say, is that the British have made some new discovery in the field of radio that the Germans lack. It is also possible that the British airmen may use their own radio beams to guide them home through the fogs this winter, while the Germans are paralyzed by the same fogs.

The British still await the Nazi invasion; men around London are saying now that they're afraid Hitler won't try it.

MEDITERRANEAN: What is happening in the Mediterranean has the same value that a sideshow has to a circus. The real thing is happening under the main tent. So the loss of British Somaliland to the Italians, while not unimportant, is not

worth much British worry or regret.

Whoever wins in the battle over England will win in the Near East; if England loses at the Channel the loss of Africa will not mean very much. Yet the war on the Dark Continent will go on. Mussolini seeks to enlarge his African holdings; he will probably strike next at Aden, the British naval base, and at Gibraltar. The purpose of an Aden attack, he says, will be to close the Red Sea to the British. But Il Duce has long held one shore of the channel between the Red Sea and the Gulf of Aden, the Bab el Mandeb, and he has not been able to close the Bab. How on earth is he going to close the wider (100 miles) Gulf of Aden?

All the Italians can hope for is to bomb Aden into comparative uselessness as a base. Even then, they will not have stopped British shipping. England still holds Suez—and she has enough men down there to hold it for some time to come. So don't be troubled over the war in the Near East. If Mussolini had been strong enough to force a decision there, he would have forced it long before this.

RUMANIAN RUPTURE: The latest piecutting in Rumania has been followed by rioting that will be quickly put down —and by the marching in of German troops. Little Hungary, which alone could probably have been whipped by Carol's legions, has been awarded half of historic Transylvania by an arbitrating conference at Vienna, and Carol's boasted "Greater Rumania" becomes more and more a Lesser Rumania.

That man fools himself who believes that this is just a local affair between Hungary and Rumania; the representatives of these two countries were and are mere puppets. The men who pulled the strings at Vienna were Ciano of Italy and von Ribbentrop of Germany. Italy and Germany want no trouble in the Balkans; that would mean transfer of Italian troops from Africa and German troops from the Channel, and it would also mean that the precious Rumanian oil would be in jeopardy. So—Hitler marches in a small garrison-guard to guard his interests. Guard them against whom? Against whom but Russia and Josef Stalin!

The new Hungarian frontier now runs along the Carpathian range—a beautiful defensive line for the Axis, in a State sympathetic to the Axis and backed by Axis troops. There will be no trouble in that neighborhood unless Russia moves, and nobody but Stalin knows about that. All eyes on Moscow!

Later: As we go to press, news comes that Carol has abdicated in favor of young Crown Prince Michael. Further comment later.

MEXICO: The violent death of Leon Trotsky in Mexico is something more than just another murder. It is an object-lesson for all the democracies.

For one thing, it is a demonstration of the unending ruthlessness of the Soviets. This man was out of Russia, but he was alive and he was writing and speaking and saying no end of damaging things about Stalin. So he was followed across the world, tracked down, put out of the way on the second attempt. The whole world is the Soviet's parish; there are no boundaries to their vindictiveness.

For another, this man preached a thing called "permanent revolution;" he was the arch-disciple of that ism, and his teaching and his revolution caught up with him. He it was who vitalized the Red Army, killed Russians by the thousand and put Lenin in control; he dealt in death, and his particular form of death overtook him. He has met an end only too characteristic of an age that he himself helped inaugurate. What was it Jesus said about those who take the sword perishing by the sword?

And lastly, there is the attitude of the *Daily Worker*, the Communist paper in the United States, in reporting the murder. *Daily Worker* never even mentioned it! So this is the New World they are fighting for—and against—in Europe!

CHURCH NEWS

PRESBYTERIANS: The largest net increase in the communicant membership of the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. since 1923, and the largest total communicant membership in its history, were registered during the past year, according to figures just made public by the Stated Clerk of the Presbyterian General Assembly.

Courtesy Congregational-Christian Board

FORMER GOVERNOR WILLIAM E. SWEET, OF COLORADO, AN ARDENT ADVOCATE OF PROGRESSIVE SOCIAL MEASURES AND AN INTERESTED WORKER FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS, WHO WAS ELECTED MODERATOR OF THE GENERAL COUNCIL OF CONGREGATIONAL AND CHRISTIAN CHURCHES AT THE MEETING OF THAT BODY IN BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA, IN AUGUST

During the year, the net gain in communicant membership was 43,806. The total membership is now 2,021,901. Church members received during the year on profession of faith is the largest group in eleven years: 107,653.

METHODISTS: Roy L. Smith, pastor of Los Angeles, and a man with a brilliant pen, has taken up his duties as editor of the revamped and reorganized *Christian Advocate*. He is a writer and an editor to watch.

No editorial plans have been made public as yet by Dr. Smith, but rumor has it among the church periodicals that he will make a definite effort to slant it toward the laymen. That will make it a little more like *Christian Herald*, which has had that slant for a good many years.

The time may come, indeed, when all but a very few of the periodicals of American religious journalism will be slanted that way, and when the ministers will have their own strictly ministerial magazines. They are, as a rule, pretty hard to write for, what with their widely different theological and doctrinal backgrounds. But a laymen—ah, he's different. He isn't so much interested, we've found, in doctrinal disputes or theological discussion; he likes it in non-technical and not-too-denominational terms. And with a certain broadminded blending of sugar, oil, and (non-alcoholic) spirit.

FOREIGN RELIEF: A call to the churches of the country to set aside Sunday, October 6, as a day on which foreign relief appeals will be emphasized has been made by a joint committee representing the Federal Council and the Foreign Missions Conference of North America.

The appeal points out that church relief agencies are not primarily for military relief but for mercy and reconstruction among civilians. This is a constructive attempt to do first things first, to have the churches work as a unit on a job that is assuming staggering proportions as the war goes on. *Christian Herald* is for it.

LUTHERANS: The publicity committee of the United Lutheran Church has been surveying metropolitan newspapers to find out just how much space the Lutherans are using to make their work known. The findings are worth reading:

Covering forty-five newspapers in twenty-three cities, the Roman Catholics lead with 30,717 column inches of church news published in a three-month period; Methodists were second with 10,764 inches and the Lutherans were third with 10,177 inches. Presbyterians used 9,188 inches, Episcopalians 7,535, Baptists 6,710 and the Jewish faith 4,947.

Total religious news would occupy more than one page a week.

TEMPERANCE

SERVANT? A book has just come off the press entitled *"Alcohol, the Servant of Man,"* which asks the startling question: "Did you know that users of alcohol produce better babies than teetotalers?"

No, we didn't know that. But we do know that the famous Finnish researchist, Dr. Laitinen, made a study of this some time back, and his findings don't agree with yours. *He* divided 5,848 families into three groups (moderate drinkers, immoderates and abstainers). He found that among their 19,515 children the abstainers lost 13.45 per cent of their offspring, the moderate drinkers lost 23.17 per cent and the immoderates lost 32.02 per cent. He also noticed that the abstainers' youngsters gained faster in weight and that they cut their teeth quicker.

How come?

CAPTAIN SPEAKS: There is a police official in Washington named Rhoda J. Milliken; last month she spoke her mind about drinking women. Agreeing one hundred per cent with Rudyard Kipling, who said that one drunken woman was as bad as ten drunken men, she said that while the City gets something like a million a year for liquor licenses, it was next to impossible to get adequate funds for hospital work with alcoholics, or to add room to the jails for the increasing tide of drunks. Or to the mental hospitals.

She has something on the ages of drunkards that may be illuminating. She had one girl this year aged fourteen, but "there are surprisingly few under twenty-one . . . The number of women, I am sorry to say, remains static—about 1500 for the year. Most of the people who are intoxicated are middle-aged. There are young people who do drink too much, but far fewer than middle-aged people."

Where, Washington, does that million dollars go? Evidently not to rebuild the poor wrecks who buy the liquor! And isn't the same thing true of other cities?

POCKET ENCYCLOPEDIA: We have had occasion before to commend the little booklet, "Alcohol—Its Physiological and Psychological Effects and Their Social Consequences," and wish again to call it to your attention. The book was prepared by Mary L. Reed, a registered nurse, who knows what she writes about. It contains more useful temperance information in small space than any other publication we know, and its popularity is evidenced by the fact that it is now in its 35th thousand. Order from Miss Mary L. Reed, 255 West 108th Street, New York City. Single copies are fifteen cents, but eight copies can be had for only one dollar. *No C.O.D. orders accepted.*

America's First Line of Defense

AMERICA'S first line of defense is American industry. It is to industry that the nation looks today for the armaments to protect America's high living standards, to defend the American way of life.

In the last two generations American industry has built a great nation. Its workmen, scientists, and engineers have given us electric lights in 24 million American homes and electric refrigerators in 13 million—conveniences which represent the highest standard of living in the world. And the manpower, the inventive and manufacturing genius, the experience, the daring to tackle difficult tasks—assets which have helped to produce for us this high standard of living—are among America's strongest resources today.

Industry today undertakes the task of building, not only armaments, but, equally important, the machines to manufacture these armaments. And General Electric, which for more than 60 years has been putting electricity to work in America's peacetime pursuits, is today applying it to the new job—the job of defending the benefits electricity has helped to create.

G-E research and engineering have saved the public from ten to one hundred dollars for every dollar they have earned for General Electric

GENERAL ELECTRIC

The Craftsman

I should like to see a table
That Jesus, the Carpenter, made,
Strong with Lebanon lumber,
Straight from His axe and blade,
Polished until its graining
Shone with a clear bronze light.
It would be a beautiful table,
Solid and firm and right
As was the life of its maker.
I should like to place my hand
Where His competent hand had rested,
Perhaps I would understand
Better the task of the craftsman
Whose pride in work well done
Carries him eagerly forward
From dawn to set of sun,
Content alone in perfection . . .
Oh, my heart would all but stop,
If I could touch a table
Christ made in His Nazareth Shop.

Grace Noll Crowell

October 1940

CHRISTIAN HERALD

ESTABLISHED 1878

A FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR MEMBERS OF ALL DENOMINATIONS

The hospital sent him back to the orphanage and left him on the doorstep with his few poor belongings

The crippled orphan who became head of all the Boy Scouts of America—Mr. West as he is today

JAMES E. WEST

The Man Who Gets Things Done

By Theodore Roosevelt Jr.

EVERYONE knows the Boy Scouts. There are a million of them; one boy in every three who reached the age of twelve last year became a Scout. The Scouts are an American institution so firmly imbedded in our national life that it is hard to remember that they were not always here. Yet thirty years ago, the Boy Scouts of America was but one of seven boys' organizations, all weak, all fumbling, all uncertain of their future.

From that day to this, one man has planned and directed this amazing growth. Thousands of men have helped, but to him goes the greatest share of the credit. When the first modest steps were taken to organize the Scouts, James E. West was persuaded to promise to act as secretary for six months. The chore he planned to finish so promptly became a great career. Three decades later, he still is on the job, the Chief Scout Executive.

Into his work he has put an amazing amount of drive and energy. Yet always he has been handicapped physically; he uses a cane and sometimes crutches to get around. And speaking of handicaps, the man who leads and inspires a million active boys spent his own boyhood in an orphanage in Washington, D. C. Because he was crippled, he was put in with the girls—to learn to sew. I have known him long and intimately. When I was a boy of Scout age, around the White House, Jim West was a friend of my father.

Jim's father died before he was born. Destitute, his mother became a seamstress, going from one to another of the "sewing rooms" that homes had in those days. But although she had plenty of courage, Mary West possessed neither health nor strength. By the time Jimmy was six, she had to be taken to a hospital, and the boy to an orphan asylum. At that time he was healthy and straight, and full of life.

Mary West's death came unexpectedly. Like most victims of the White Plague, she was confident that presently she would get better. She made no attempt to get in touch with her relatives; the baby was forever separated from his kin.

The orphanage in which Jimmy West was placed was bare and comfortless. The children were not fed as well as prisoners are fed today. The matron and her assistants did not eat with the children; they had far better food.

At the orphanage Jimmy didn't do so well. He began to limp. He said his leg hurt. His limping was particularly noticeable when the children were put into formation. The orphanage authorities decided he was merely pretending—to avoid being treated like the other children. So when he continued to limp, he was whipped. But his leg got no better.

Then Mrs. Harrison Dingman, one of his mother's former customers, visited him. Horrified to learn what was happening, she arranged for an immediate examination. Jimmy was found to have a tubercular hip, an intensely painful thing. For nearly two years he was in a hospital, much of the time strapped flat on his back.

One of the doctors, who had a daughter suffering from the same trouble, finally decided that it might be greatly improved, by an operation. Jimmy was wheeled to the operating room. Everything was ready. There was an audience of doctors. One of them said in a low tone, "Why doesn't he operate on his own child?" The doctor heard him, stopped proceedings and sent Jimmy back to bed. Shortly afterward he was pronounced incurable.

The hospital told the orphanage to take him back. The orphanage refused to accept him; he was a cripple. Finally the hospital authorities sent him to the orphanage without notice, leaving him and a cloth bag that held his few belongings on the doorstep.

So lame he couldn't do the work assigned to the boys, Jimmy was put with the girls and taught to sew. It was here that Mrs. Ellis Spear, another woman who had been a friend of his mother, found him. She brought him a toy oxcart, the first present he had received since his mother died, and invited him to come to her home and play with her own children.

It was a momentous visit, opening up a whole new world—a world worth working for, a world worth striving to the uttermost to attain.

Mrs. Spear gave him a book for children that she had written. On the next visit she asked him about the story: What character in the book he had liked best, and why? It was the first time anyone had given him a chance to tell *his* opinion, to express himself, and explain why he liked something. Mrs. Spear had written other stories; she gave him one book after another. There were more visits, more chances to give his opinion, and talk freely. He expanded like a plant opening to the sun.

The Boy Scout organization has spread all over the world, and distinguished personages, like Lord and Lady Baden-Powell (standing, above, with a high dignitary of the Church of England) have followed Mr. West's lead in giving time and effort to this great movement. Other pictures show scouts from various countries, and some of their typical activities

Most of the orphanage children were apprenticed out as soon as they were old enough. Because he was a cripple, no one would take Jimmy West. Presently he found himself the oldest boy still remaining at the institution, and began to help the matron, Mrs. Wright, with the care and direction of the younger children. He also helped with the laundry work. He was even given a small salary.

There was a small library at the orphanage, usually locked. Because he felt he had himself benefited from reading, Jimmy West asked permission to have the library opened to all. Mrs. Wright was afraid the books would be injured. But Jimmy by this time had learned not to take no too easily. He offered to have the books covered. Getting the other children to help, he superintended the covering of every one of the books—more than a thousand—with brown paper. He made a catalogue of them. When he found most of the children not interested in reading, he offered to pay, from his own wages, a cent for each book read. When even that offer didn't stir up enough interest to suit him, he got permission for readers to sit up an extra hour in the evening. That worked!

He was learning how to get results.

He asked for, and presently received, permission to go to public school, instead of merely attending the casual classes at the orphanage. Next he wanted permission to have some of the other children go to public school, too. That request, also, was granted, after he agreed to be responsible for their homework. At one time there were twenty-four children in the orphanage group attending public school with him.

He took groups of the children on Saturday outings, and went along with them, on crutches, as leader. Sometimes it was merely a "hike" to a nearby park; occasionally it would mean first a ride to the end of some car line. The younger children looked upon him almost as an older brother, and the satisfaction of successful leadership and accomplishment fed still further the growing fires of energy and ambition within him.

At sixteen he finished the eighth grade and asked permission to go on to high school. His request was refused. The idea of an orphanage cripple wanting to go to high school! Besides, how could he do high school work without neglecting his duties at the orphanage? But the crippled boy was developing an indomitable persistence. Could he try it for a month? Reluctantly, permission was given.

That was all West needed. He made good that month, both at school and at the orphanage. He graduated from high school at nineteen, going strong. His leadership of the children at the orphanage had made him a good mixer. He became editor of the school paper, manager of the football team, and school librarian. That he could find time and energy for these activities, without neglecting his work at the orphanage, seems a miracle. But he even took on the additional orphanage duty of night watchman.

West began to plan now to break away from the orphanage entirely. He

looked around for a job. Of all odd places for employment, he selected one of the oddest—a bicycle shop. The proprietor at once said he could not employ a cripple. West countered that he would learn to ride a bicycle if it would get him the job.

Perhaps touched by his courage, perhaps thinking it would merely make the turn-down easier, the shop owner agreed. Jimmy hobbled to a bicycle rink. I remember those Washington rinks well, for I learned to ride a bicycle at one of them. I was a healthy boy, yet I was black and blue before I could make that infernal machine carry me around. Naturally Jim West, with one leg almost useless, was battered and bruised three times as much. But he learned in quick order, and the very next morning he was back at the shop to demonstrate his ability. The proprietor, hardly able to believe his eyes, kept his promise and gave him a job, keeping books.

Next, West made up his mind to learn to walk without crutches. It took time, but he made it, although for weeks it was all he could do to keep his balance without grabbing something to steady himself.

Before leaving the orphanage for good, West decided he would have to do what he could to improve conditions there permanently. First of all he undertook to rid the buildings of vermin. Superintending the children, he helped them whitewash and paint the whole place. There was a campaign against rats; a man who owned weasels was brought in to help. More than seventy rats were killed, and all rat-holes nailed up with tin.

Next he went before the directors of the orphanage and pointed out the waste and incompetence that prevailed. He showed that the money spent on food for 180 children, aside from bread and milk, was less than that for the fourteen members of the staff. The Board was properly shocked, and conditions were rectified—but he shared the fate of many another reformer. His ideas were accepted but he had to go.

West decided to become a lawyer. Through the Y.M.C.A., where he found secretarial work to do, he learned of a chance to read law with an attorney. With his excess energy, that by this time seemed to be inexhaustible, he became active in church work, and kept on with odd jobs for the Y. As soon as he felt he was far enough along to require further law instruction, he entered the National University law school.

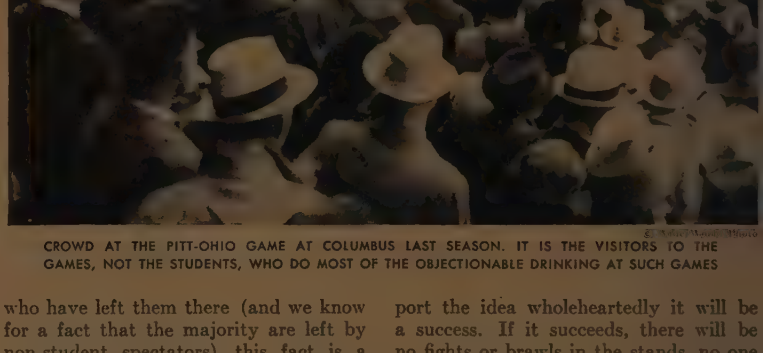
A bad fire in the Y.M.C.A. building burned out the wing where night school classes were held. The directors felt they could not immediately rebuild the wing, and ordered the night school closed.

Jim West took this almost as a personal blow. His own education had come through continual struggle. Closing the night school, he felt, shut the doors of

(Continued on page 57)

By
Louie D. Newton

Drinking at Football Games CAN BE STOPPED



CROWD AT THE PITT-OHIO GAME AT COLUMBUS LAST SEASON. IT IS THE VISITORS TO THE GAMES, NOT THE STUDENTS, WHO DO MOST OF THE OBJECTIONABLE DRINKING AT SUCH GAMES

THIS is how it happened: A group of Tech student leaders, early in the fall semester of 1939, got together one night for a discussion "for the good of the order." The conversation drifted along until they got to the subject of drinking at the football games at Georgia "Tech."

"What can we do about this common nuisance?" someone asked. It was agreed that most of the drinking was done by the visitors, and not by the students. That made the problem all the more delicate and difficult. If it were limited to the students, they would know how to go about appealing to them to leave their drinks at home, but what would the public think of such an appeal?

There were nine students in the group and Georgia Tech's Y.M.C.A. secretary, Walter McGee. These nine students, and the organizations which they represent, were listed for me on a laundry ticket. It reads:

Bill Hogan, Yellow Jacket Club; Bob Levin, ODK; Charley McKinnon, Technique; Bill Phillips, Anak; Howard Ector, Student Council; Joe Bayer, Student Council; Warren Taylor, Skull and Key; Jimmy Voyles, Y.M.C.A., and Jim Harris, Religious Council.

They were all agreed that something should be done—that surely there was a basis of effective appeal to the public by which this problem could be frankly acknowledged and solved. They resolved to tackle the job, each student leader agreeing to take the proposition to his group and report back on the response to the suggestion.

A few nights later they got together to compare notes. The reports were not only favorable, but reassuring. The students had expressed practical unanimity in facing the problem in solid front. They then went to President Brittain to see what he thought of the students making an appeal to the friends of Tech to cooperate in reducing drinking at the games. Dr. Brittain gave the proposal his hearty endorsement. Other Tech officials expressed their approval and cooperation.

And with that backing, Mack Conway wrote an editorial for *The Technique*, which I quote:

"You who have been inside the football stadium after some big game have probably noticed that among the cushions, programs, papers and soft drink bottles there is always an amazing number of empty liquor bottles. To those who have left them there (and we know for a fact that the majority are left by non-student spectators) this fact is a joke, but for the hundreds of persons who sat next to the ones who emptied the bottles the enjoyment of the game was marred.

"There is no power behind *The Technique* trying to influence people to give up drinking, but it is the aim of the controlling organizations on the Tech campus to try to eliminate a majority of the drinking during the games. It has been done at other schools, where the students, when approached on the matter, said, as you are saying now: 'It can't be done—football season wouldn't be complete without plenty of drinks.'

"If there are those people who feel this way, why can't they wait until *after* the games to do their drinking? They can get just as disgustingly drunk afterward and not keep the persons beside them from enjoying the game.

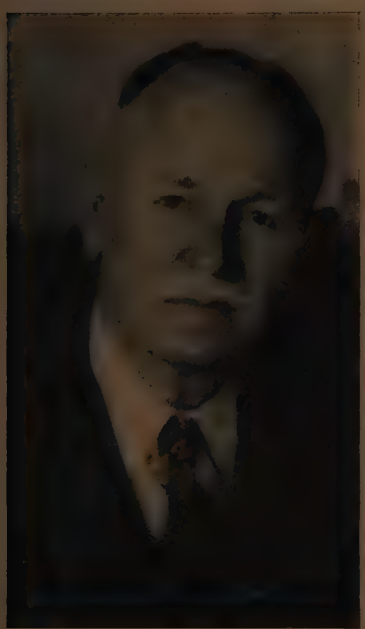
"So don't be surprised when you see ushers asking persons in the stands this week to refrain from drinking. Don't encourage the drunks by laughing at them—help the ushers; for if you support the idea wholeheartedly it will be a success. If it succeeds, there will be no fights or brawls in the stands, no one will insult your date, you may enjoy the game, knowing that afterward you will perhaps find it much safer driving home if all the motorists are sober."

As soon as that issue of *The Technique* was off the press, the students gathered in groups about the campus and in the dormitories and fraternity houses to read it. Within a few hours the word got around town that the Tech students were appealing to the public to leave their drinks at home for the game the coming Saturday.

The sports editors of the Atlanta papers featured the editorial on their pages. News stories appeared in the Atlanta and other Georgia newspapers, telling of this effort of the students to reduce drinking at the games.

Mayor William B. Hartsfield read about the movement, and immediately expressed his appreciation of the effort on the part of the students to do something very much needed, assuring the students and the authorities that they would have his full cooperation.

STUDENT-PLAYER—"This movement is of great interest to me, for I firmly believe that when a person pays several dollars to witness a football game, he does not like to be bothered by some drunk whose sole purpose and idea of fun is to 'enjoy' himself by annoying other people"



PRESIDENT—Dr. M. L. Brittain told the students: "The Georgia Tech students who promoted this worthy campaign have done a very fine job—much better than their elders could have done"

Chief of Police Hornsby declared his hearty endorsement of the appeal and the cooperation of the police in trying to carry out the plan. The entire community reacted favorably to the appeal, so that, before the opening hour of the game that Saturday afternoon, everyone was eagerly waiting to see what would happen.

A few minutes before the referee's whistle, the following announcement was read over the public address system:

"We call your attention to the efforts of Georgia Tech students to reduce drinking at our games. Our student organizations, including the Student Council, ODK, Anak, the Yellow Jacket Club, the Y.M.C.A., Alpha Phi Omega, Skull and Key, and *The Technique*, have formed a campus-wide committee

COACH—"One of the really fine things about our recent (1939) season was the campaign conducted by our students to end drinking at the games. I feel certain that after a very few more seasons they will entirely eliminate this evil"

and the heads of the Athletic Association, officials of Georgia Tech and the City of Atlanta, and the Atlanta newspapers are cooperating. We appeal to your civic pride and your friendship for Tech to help us."

Applause went up from the stands. That gave assurance that the students had sounded the right note and that the public would cooperate. It meant that a group of college students had pointed the way to solve a problem that had baffled the police and was regarded generally as a menace to athletic events.

Thoughtless visitors who had brought along their hip flasks, tucked them a little deeper in their pockets, and dismissed the idea of taking a drink during the game. Ushers and police officers, noticing here and there a few "weak sisters" who tried to sneak a drink, touched them on the shoulder and reminded them of the announcement.

Between halves, the following announcement was read over the public address system:

"We would like to refer again to an announcement made earlier. The student committee asks your cooperation in reducing the evil of drinking during football games at Tech this season."

Throughout the stadium the people were commenting on the tremendous improvement in the conduct of the crowd that afternoon as compared with previous seasons. Comment in the newspapers the next day called attention to the success of the student appeal.

The following Saturday, just before the game, this announcement was read over the public address system:

"The campus-wide anti-drinking committee thanks you for your past cooperation in helping us to abolish drinking at our football games and solicits your continued help today and at future games. We hope to build up a tradition here at Tech that those who come to our games will be free to enjoy the game to the fullest extent and not be molested by obnoxious drinkers."

Hearty applause gave assurance that the idea had won its way with the folks who attend the games at Tech. In every section of the stands there was enthusiastic comment of approval and appreciation.

Instances of drinking were reduced game after game throughout the 1939 season. State and city traffic officials reported a noticeable reduction in accidents following the Tech games, attributing the improved condition to the movement of the students to reduce drinking in the stadium.

Asked for a statement about the campaign of the students to reduce drinking at the games during the 1939 season, President Brittain says:

"Now at the end of the season it can be told. The results were fine, and the Georgia Tech students who promoted this worthy campaign can feel assured that they have done a fine job—a better job than their elders could have done."

In a letter which Coach Alexander wrote me, he expressed his appreciation of the leadership of the students in these words: "One of the really fine things about our recent (1939) football season was the campaign conducted by our students to end drinking at the games. Our students reduced this evil to a minimum the past season, and I feel certain they will entirely eliminate the problem in a few years."

Howard Ector, affectionately dubbed by the sports writers and his team mates as "the brains of the team," possessing a generalship which completely baffled the great Missouri *(Continued on page 59)*

This Is Cintha

By Ruth Barr Sanborn

VICKERY stopped in the path outside the kitchen window, hunching his shoulders against the wind. Inside he could see Cintha. Cintha was standing at the table beating eggs in a blue bowl; the light came down on top of her head and set the red curls blazing. Under the whiteness of the light her features had an almost frightening clarity, small and pure; she had a brave mouth and laughing lashes. The breath thickened in Vickery's throat. He loved Cintha so much.

The kitchen was full of Carvens. Life always centered where Cintha was. It struck Vickery how seldom it was that he ever saw her alone. The window was open a crack at the top, and the red curtain blew. He could hear snatches of the talk.

Joel was the oldest—fifteen; Cintha had been his age when her mother died. "But I won't go if I can't have white pants," Joel was saying. "All the fellows have white pants. They're sending their girls flowers. I've only got ten cents."

The twins burst in with weather in their cheeks and their taffy hair rough with the wind. "Cintha," they cried, "can we ask Bub and Beedy over for supper? Their father's sick."

April perched on a high stool beside the table. April was six, with a bubble of pink curls. Of all the Carven children she was most like Cintha. She made Vickery think of new birch leaves and pear blossom. "Please," she said passionately, "let me lick the beater."

Professor Carven stuck his head in the kitchen door. He was a frail, delicate person, with humorous eyes behind slipping nose glasses and a ribald shock of white hair above a scholar's brow. "My dear," he said, "did you find time to correct those quiz papers?"

Cintha answered them all together. "The papers are on your desk, dad. Don't flunk Kim McCool until I've seen you. There are mitigating circumstances." Her father grinned; the mitigating circumstances were an old joke; when he shut the door there was the feel of remembered laughter in the room. "I'll find some pants, Joel. I'll make a forget-me-not corsage out of the flowerpot, and you can give the telegraph boy ten cents to deliver it . . . Let me see: six of us, and Mr. Standard; if you ask Bub and Beedy, you'll have to make two more salads; look in the icebox and you'll see how . . . Here's the beater, April. Don't cut off your tongue."

It was always like that, Vickery thought. A thousand things for Cintha to do at once. She looked tired tonight; the shadows under her eyes were not all lashes. It wasn't fair for him to bring her his trouble, too. But not to tell her about Ted Lander was to admit how different things had been since Breen Standard came. The heavier trouble that lay sodden at the bottom of his mind he did not even acknowledge. That was the thought of Breen Standard himself. He opened the door and went in.

Cintha stuck her thumb in her mouth to see if the meringue was sweet enough. "Hello, Vickery."

"Hello, everybody," said Vickery. "What's that, April?"

"Frostin'," said April. "Want a lick?" He scooped the warm pink bundle off the stool and set her on his knee. He lapped a bar gravely and got meringue on his nose. April wiped it off with a small pink handkerchief. "Good?" she said.

"M-m-m," said Vickery. "Is that what you're going to have for supper?"

"Dinner," April corrected him, bobbing her bright head. "It's for Mr. Standard, but we're all going to have some. Cintha, ask Vickery to stay and have some too."

"Won't you stay?" said Cintha.

"Thanks," said Vickery. "I don't want to take anything that belongs to Mr. Standard." He could not quite help that.

"There's plenty," said Cintha hurriedly. "I can serve it small." Her cheeks were hot from beating the eggs so long. "Vickery, have you got some white pants?"

"Ducks," said Vickery. "There's a hole in the seat."

"If I mend them," said Cintha, "and let them out again where I take them in, will you lend them to Joel for his school dance?"

"Sure," said Vickery.

"Maybe Mr. Standard would have some," said Joel tentatively.

"Not in the winter," said Cintha.

"They would lack unity," said Vickery dryly. He ought not to have allowed himself that. But it was fair enough. Unity. Symmetry. Harmony. They were Breen Standard's words. He used them a whit too often. Breen Standard was a famous illustrator. The lecture series he was giving at the college, where Dr. Carven was Professor of Biblical Literature and Vickery was an instructor in science, was a feather in the academic hat. He was staying with the Carvens.

"Don't you have enough to do," Vickery broke out irritably, "without taking boarders?"

"One more doesn't make much difference."

"Difference!" said Vickery.

Joel drifted away when the white pants were settled. The twins went to ask Bub and Beedy Lander to supper. "Draw cold

water over the beater," Cintha said to April, "and then run up and wash the frosting off your ears." She turned to Vickery when the door closed. "What's the matter?" It was like Cintha to know that he was troubled.

"Ted Lander," Vickery said directly. Lander was in the chemistry department; they were friends. Vickery said, with difficulty: "There was an explosion. He was hurt."

Cintha said instantly: "You might have been there, too." And then: 'Was it bad?"

"Bad," agreed Vickery. "They say he'll live. But he can't teach again this year."

"They'll save his place," Cintha said quickly.

"Yes," said Vickery grimly. "Without pay." He hesitated, and added: "Grace is with him at the hospital. She's distracted."

"I know," said Cintha. "It's hard that it happened now." That was one of the nice things about Cintha; you didn't have to say everything out in words. That the Landers were not happy. That Grace was seeing too much of their lodger. That some would say Ted had tried to kill himself. Vickery didn't believe it. But Cintha's unbelief was comforting.

She lifted a cover and stirred the soup. "I can keep the children for a while," she decided. "Maybe it will be best in the end. We'll have to raise money somehow." It sounded simple, the way she said it. She shook flour in a pan and watched it brown. "We'll have an amateur night," she decided. "There's a lot of local talent. We'll ask a dollar apiece and maybe have five hundred. We'll turn the money in to the college, and have it paid out from there."

Vickery was conscious of relief so great that it untwisted his muscles; he dropped down on the stool he had just left. Difficulties always smoothed out under Cintha's fingers. Things had seemed hopeless when he came. Now they were not hopeless. Ted and Grace would be all right. His relief went deeper than the Landers' problem. It touched a fear he had not shaped in words. Cintha was just the same. She had not changed. Breen Standard would go away the first of the month. He and Cintha. . . . He pressed his palms together between his knees, aware of a faint inner trembling.

"We'll have it the thirtieth," Cintha was saying.

"That doesn't give us much time."

She came and stood before him. Her hair was fire, and the fire was reflected in her eyes. "When Breen goes back to New York," she said, "he wants me to go with him."

Vickery's whole world crashed about him. He had the wild thought that now he knew how Ted felt in the moment of the explosion. There was too much light, and then there was too much darkness, and he was deafened by great sound and the air was full of the flying splinters of dreams. He put his hands up to push the splinters away. His hands made a clear space for his words. "You mean he wants to marry you?" he said.

Cintha did not answer him directly. "He says I'm a picture," she told him. "He says"—faintly amused—"that I'm a magazine cover. He says my head—"

"Your head!" said Vickery violently.

The kitchen was hot, and the windows were steamy from the heat; Vickery's eyes were steamy too. Cintha's bright head blurred before him. He saw her more by memory than by sight; the sweet curve of the shoulder, and the little lovely lift of breast under the thin dress.

"He says he can use me quite a lot himself," said Cintha.

"I haven't a doubt of it," said Vickery.

"He says the pay is good."

It was like Cintha, tall and golden, with her hands lifted, palms out at the sides. Breen had drawn her without foreground as if she had stepped across a threshold

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Illustrator HENRY LUHRS

"And what about your family?" asked Vickery.

"It will be wonderful for them, won't it?" said Cintha. "They can have a really good housekeeper. They can have a furnace, and shingle the house and paper the living room, and father can have those books he wanted, and Joel can have some white pants, and all the children can have winter coats."

He was puzzled by her answer. Was it possible that she believed these things could make up to them for—Cintha? Cintha was everything; warmth and light. He skipped over the things he might have said. "Are you going?" he asked.

"I haven't quite decided," said Cintha.

They heard Breen Standard coming down the stairs.

Vickery stayed for dinner after all, so they could lay plans. They had to be careful before the children.

"What caused the upsy-daisy anyhow?" Breen Standard asked.

"Nobody knows," said Vickery shortly.

"Grace Lander is a very pretty woman," said Breen with intention.

"Grace Lander is my mother's name," piped Beedy.

"And she is a very pretty woman," Breen repeated.

"That's what my father says," said Bub stolidly.

"Dinner's waiting," said Cintha.

Vickery thought afterward that it was right then that the idea first trickled across his mind.

The table looked pretty. Cintha had used her Grandmother Carven's china, and there were candles in blue holders and the pot of forget-me-nots; the tablecloth was so beautifully darned that you could not see the darning. And yet somehow when Breen Standard strolled in to take his place at Cintha's right, he threw the rooom out of proportion. You saw the dime-store candle holders, grotesque with the old china; there were not soup spoons enough to go round. You saw the faded curtains and the worn rug; the open fire made Dr. Carven's end of the room hot and Cintha's cold; the distempered place from the leak in the roof had a premonitory bulge. Breen Standard always changed a room when he came into it.

He changed the people too. The children were quieter. Dr. Carven's face wore the closed look it had when he was puzzled; he held a fork poised in air, forgetting his intention. Joel was taking note of Breen's clothes—the roughish, tweedish cloth, so carefully casual, the subtle harmonies of tie and socks. Sometimes Vickery wondered if the example was good for Joel. He caught himself straightening his own tie. Cintha had changed the most.

Cintha had put on last summer's blue muslin and tied up her hair with a ribbon. Vickery was sorry she had done it. It brought back too poignantly that day at Farragut's Head. They had driven up the coast in Vickery's rattling car. It had been their day: the blue and the gold of it, and the white of the clouds and the foam. They picnicked on the rocks, and strange flowers bloomed in spray at their feet. Cintha's hair lay straight behind her on the wind, pointing the pure line of cheek and brow; her eyes were the color of the brown pools in the rocks where the sun reached into them. Vickery kissed Cintha that day. Not wildly, but tenderly and solemnly. After an instant Cintha kissed him back, and he felt the warm sweet shape of her in his arms. Vickery had not asked Cintha to marry him. It had not even seemed needful.

THE HEROES

Uncrowned, yet nobler than a king,
Is he who gives himself to bring
Help to the weak and sorrowing.

Unsung, yet worthy hymns of praise
Is he who spends his numbered days
That souls may find their righteous ways.

Unhonored, yet more firm than stone
His monument whose words will loan
A dignity to blood and bone.

These are the heroes, these who give
Themselves to tasks definitive
That souls of men may grow and live.

Keith Thomas

They could not marry till he got his raise. But to him the kiss was a promise. Vickery had thought that the kiss meant the same to Cintha that it meant to him.

Today the kiss was only a kiss and no promise at all. Vickery wondered if Breen Standard had kissed Cintha too. Just before supper, he decided. She had the look of it. The weariness was gone. Cintha was excited that night. It showed in the flush of her cheeks and the shine of her eyes, the quickness of her motions and her speech. There was a note in her voice that Vickery had never heard, a taut expectancy. Excitement illuminated Cintha.

It was then, in that moment of realization, that Vickery saw them both, himself and Breen Standard, as they would look to Cintha. There was a splendor about Breen that was more of bearing than of feature; the face was a shade too sharply pointed, too thinly whetted on a blade too keen, but the intelligent eyes, the merry mocking mouth, had a demanding charm. Breen Standard had the gift of carrying his setting with him. You saw not only the man himself, but the magnificence of his background—people and praise and power, witty talk and knowing laughter, the glitter and softness of easy living. All these things he could give Cintha. He could give her freedom and security. Vickery doubted his right to take them away, even if he could.

In comparison, Vickery seemed as dim a person as the reflection in the streaked mirror over the mantel. He had never fancied himself a handsome man. Now he saw himself all bones and jutting angles and tossed tow hair, with the gaunt eagerness of a scholar in grey eyes too deeply set and a mouth too finely chiseled by denial. His hands were marked with acid stains. His neat blue classroom suit reflected the gleam of candles. It came to him for the first time that perhaps it always would. Teaching had seemed to him a splendid thing. Now the splendor dimmed. At best there would be a monograph in a scientific journal. At worst, an explosion like Ted's. The thought drew him up with a round turn. What had he to offer Cintha more than Ted had offered Grace? A narrow life in a narrow town, bounded by a decent shabbiness; too many faculty teas, and too many academic dinners, and other people's troubles and their own.

And love, thought Ted suddenly. He thought: If she really loved him, I could make myself be glad.

"We'll have Miss Caldron sing," Cintha was saying eagerly. Cintha had an enormous capacity for eagerness. It was one of the loveliest things about her.

"Do what?" said Breen politely.

"Sing," said Cintha. "You know she's choir leader."

"So?" said Breen. His tone was a definitive comment on the singing of Miss Caldron.

"I want a magician," said April intensely.

"Mr. Trepenny can do tricks," said Joel. "That one where he takes the tennis balls out of his ears is pretty good when it works."

"He's quite a trick himself," said Breen.

"We ought to have dances," said Cintha. "How about Miss Bumphrey? Maybe she'll give us an exhibition of aesthetic dancing."

"Exhibition!" murmured Breen.

"She's very graceful," said Cintha. "It isn't her fault that she's put on weight."

"Whose fault is it?" asked Breen.

"The Glee Club," said Vickery loudly.

"Mosses," said Professor Carven, laying down his fork. "Tillingwist has a beautiful collection."

"Mosses!" *(Continued on page 44)*

A nurse is often the liaison officer who must carry a message of cheer through the Valley of the Shadow

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A nurse is often the go-between in a truce which concerns life and death—she is the liaison officer who must carry a message of cheer through the Valley of the Shadow. For that reason the girl who takes up nursing must be unafraid and tolerant and warm-hearted and filled with sympathetic understanding. She must have the intuition and the vision and the courage of a crusader. She must have a love of humanity and a keen desire to help humanity.

Nursing is one of the most satisfactory professions that is open to women in this day and age—for a good nurse sees, daily, the result of her training and intelligence. From the material standpoint there are these facts to consider—

The NURSING Profession

By Margaret E. Sangster

ONLY once have I been privileged to stay in a hospital —as a patient. I say privileged advisedly for I look back on my hospital experience—it covered two astonishingly short weeks—as one of the most pleasant periods of my life. I was ill, yes—much of the time I was in pain; and yet I knew moments of extreme peace and extraordinary contentment. This peace and contentment—or at least ninety per cent of it—was due to the nurses who cared for me.

My day nurse was elderly. Her hair had grown gray and her face lined during her years of service. She had every reason to be tired—tired of illness and the combined odor of anesthetics and disinfectants, and the hospital routine and—last but not least—the hard labor that nursing entails. And yet never once did she give me the impression of being tired. She was always eager—always on the alert to anticipate my every wish. She listened with breath-taking interest to the list of my symptoms—symptoms so ordinary that she must have taken toll of them thousands and thousands of times! The way in which she smoothed my pillow or held a glass to my lips or took my temperature was tenderness personified. And when she left me, at the twilight hour, she always made me feel that she did so with a sense of deep regret.

My night nurse was the direct opposite of my day nurse, for she was very young—indeed, she had been a nurse only for a matter of months! As she sat reading, during the long hours between midnight and dawn, I would lie quietly and watch the lamplight slanting across her hair, and build stories about her—stories which I later wrote for more than one magazine. She, too, was eager and alert and gentle, and weariness seemed as far removed from her as ugliness. I never had to beg for special attentions —I received the special attentions without asking for them!

I loved my two nurses—they were exceptional women, each in her own individual way. And yet I do not think that I was extraordinarily lucky during my stay in the hospital, for there is something about the profession of nursing which seems to attract exceptional women. Nursing, you see, is not an average cut-and-dried profession—it has about it something intensely spiritual. Nursing intensifies a woman's charm and brings to the fore her efficiency.

a good nurse is seldom unemployed, and she is usually well paid. Furthermore, a nurse has practically no competition from men—and nursing is one of the few fields of which this can truly be said!

I have heard that the average trained nurse seldom earns less than fifteen hundred dollars a year, and that many nurses earn a great deal more. I have also heard that there are any number of off-the-beaten-track opportunities waiting for nurses. Aside from hospital and private work, a graduate nurse is qualified to be an airplane or luxury train hostess, a ship's nurse, a department store or factory nurse, a school or college nurse or a war nurse. Welfare work of all sorts is open to her and so are many civil service jobs. Civil service jobs, incidentally, command a salary that in most states increases automatically year by year. A nurse may also become a companion to some wealthy invalid; this usually means travel and hotel life and the varied excitements of a changing scene. And—if a nurse has a special aptitude in this direction—she often becomes a valued member of some rich household in which there are children.

A girl who wishes to become a nurse should have, to start with, a good constitution, for—as I've said in a preceding paragraph—nursing is hard work.

(Continued on page 60)

OLD INDIA *Steps Out*

By ISABEL BROWN ROSE

Above, left, one of the incarnations of Vishnu, a god of the Hindu Trinity. Right, an exquisite alabaster Buddha, lit, not by the candles and tapers, but by a very modern electric bulb. At the top, left, Hindu elephants—rapidly becoming "white elephants" even in India, because the people want a faster pace. Right, the elephant's successor. Autos are found even in the remotest villages

"LIQUOR advertisements Illegal in Madras Presidency"—that startling headline caught my eye in a recent newspaper that arrived direct from India. The paragraph which followed was even more surprising, for it quoted the new law in force in the Madras Presidency, which has an area of 142,277 square miles and a population of 46,740,-107.

"Whoever prints or publishes any newspaper, book, leaflet, or any other single or periodical publication, or otherwise displays or distributes any advertisement or other matter commending, soliciting the use of, or offering any liquor or intoxicating drug . . . shall be punished with a fine."

And we think of India as a backward country!

Then again, a survey proved that in the crowded mill areas of Bombay an immense amount of wages was spent on drink every payday and the day following. Therefore a new rule requires all liquor shops, both indigenous and foreign, to close each month on these two days. And, to the shame of the white man, we must add that in certain areas where prohibition is in force, only two exceptions are made—in favor of Europeans (including Americans) and aborigines! These are the two classes of residents in India who apparently cannot get along without their liquor.

The success with which this liquor business is being attacked is only one of many proofs that old India is stepping out into new and unexpected and unpredictable paths of progress.

It makes me feel venerable to say that I first went to India exactly a quarter of a century ago—just in time for the one hundredth anniversary of the arrival of the first American missionaries. I feel intimately linked with the pioneers, Gordon Hall and Samuel Newell, for I have made my home in "Gordon Hall House" and in "Newell House," both of them in the city of Bombay. These twenty-five years have seen amazing changes in India.

For example, one of my earliest and most vivid recollections centers in a very grand Hindu wedding in a rich home in Bombay. Never shall I forget the shock of pleasure and romance on entering a large hall filled with charming Indian women squatting on the floor. They were dressed in graceful *saris* of colorful silks and satins, with heavy gold and silver borders. And their priceless jewels appeared on unexpected spots of their anatomy, for there were bangles not only on wrists but on ankles, and rings not only in ears and on fingers, but right round the edge of the ear, and on toes and in noses!

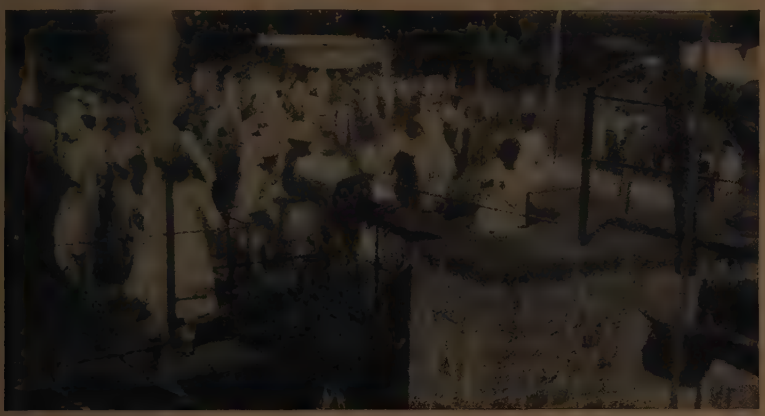
But my heart missed a beat when the

bridal pair entered the hall, for they were shy little children—a boy of seven and a girl of four. The knot was tied not only metaphorically but literally, for the end of the little bride's shimmering green *sari* was actually knotted to the end of the little bridegroom's scarf. Then they were deposited on two enormous gilt chairs of honor.

As the priest continued with elaborate ritual, I turned to study the guests, and was interrupted by a sudden thud. We discovered that the tiny bride had fallen fast asleep and slipped to the floor. Proceedings had to stop until she was picked up, dusted off, shaken wide awake, and restored to her ceremonial chair.

problem of the position of women, and especially the conditions of child wives and mothers. This commission traveled throughout India and took testimony from all sorts and conditions of people. Its findings were appalling, and they were fact. The time was therefore ripe for reform, and an Indian gentleman—Mr. Sarda—pushed forward this matter of raising the marriage age.

Unfortunately, child marriages have continued. The last census (1931) showed over a hundred thousand child widows under ten years old, and one thousand, five hundred and fifteen of these were *under one year*. One loophole was the fact that the penalty for breaking the law was a fine, and rich orthodox parents would infinitely rather pay a heavy fine than have the disgrace of an unmarried daughter of the great age of eight or ten. Another simple plan was to take a trip to a neighboring Native State where this Act was not in force, perform the ceremony there, and come back home with the marriage a *fait accompli*.



Above, women in Pandita Ramabai's famous Widows' Home, which is so well known to our *Christian Herald* readers, weaving saris for their own use. Women are rapidly taking a more active part in industry. Top, peasants watching an inexpensive oil engine pumping silently and rapidly

Now, child marriages are still taking place in India, but illegally and surreptitiously. The Sarda Act, passed ten years ago, fixes fourteen as the minimum marriage age for girls, and eighteen for men. That was a tremendous milestone in India's social progress, and was undoubtedly linked with Miss Katherine Mayo's drastic book. "Mother India" aroused a storm of protest, and many of its statements were stoutly denied. But one fortunate result of the indignation was the appointment of a commission to study the whole

But the new India refuses to allow such evasions. The Sarda Act has been strengthened and its application insisted upon. Last July, to quote only one of many instances, the Bombay High Court inflicted a fine of fifty rupees or seven days in jail on a bride's mother, and a fine of one hundred rupees or fourteen days in jail on the bridegroom's father, because the contracting parties were under the specified age; and at the same time the District Magistrate who had condoned the case was severely reprimanded.

An Indian woman reformer has introduced two far-reaching bills. One of them is to prevent the marriage of very young girls to elderly men and the consequent long years of widowhood. The other is to make bigamy illegal. This latter is a thorny subject, for a plurality of wives is regarded in some circles as a religious custom, and Government is strictly neutral on all religious issues. That is why even the deplorable custom of suttee—the immolation of a widow on her husband's funeral pyre—was abolished only a hundred years ago, and in face of bitter opposition.

But modern Indian womanhood is rebelling against what has been hitherto an honorable and accepted custom among well-to-do Indians, both Hindu and Mohammedan. Compulsory monogamy is the goal. A rather amusing incident was reported the other day. A highly educated young Hindu in Government service, already married, fell in love with a fellow-student. He consulted his wife and obtained her consent to a second marriage. She merely begged that she herself might have the privilege of remaining "as a slave in the household of her lord and master"—which is the correct attitude for a good wife to take in these rather trying circumstances. Well, the marriage was performed, but it has raised such a clamor throughout enlightened sections of Indian society, that at the last report the poor harassed double-husband was hoping to be able to annul it! This is an extremely significant incident, for it shows an entirely new attitude toward one of the most ancient rights of a Hindu husband.

Even so serious a problem as this has its amusing side. The members of a brand new "Monogamy League" vow that they will not allow their husbands to take a second spouse. They will first try moral suasion, and in India that is a mighty weapon—the only one available to many an Indian woman. It includes prolonged pouting, inability to see or hear the husband, refusal to cook, and other petty methods which are likely to bring even an obstreperous husband to his senses. If these gentle measures should fail, then the woman and her fellow-members of the league will picket the place of marriage, thus preventing bride, groom, and wedding guests from entering.

To me perhaps the most hopeful feature of this new "justice for women" movement is the fact that men are seriously exercised over it and active in it. One prominent Indian man writes, "We

are slaves because our women are slaves." And again, "Woman is the true measure of social progress." And an orthodox Hindu newspaper finishes an article on the recent elections with this philosophy of resignation, "We are in for great social changes. The franchise is bound to give an impetus to women's movements. Though the effect may be devastating on the kitchen-rooms, we must reconcile ourselves to the new order of things."

India is at present in the throes of evolving a new Constitution, the fruit of many years of deliberation, experimental measures, and temporary expedients. To put it briefly, India is becoming a very good replica of the United States of America, which she admires so ardently that we Americans, aware of some of our country's shortcomings, often feel positively uncomfortable. British India, which comprises roughly two-thirds of the area and four-fifths of the population, is divided into eleven provinces, six of which have two houses of parliament, and the rest only one. The five hundred and sixty-two Native States are arranged in political units, the larger States by themselves and the smaller ones forming groups. These political units, both in British India and in the Native States, are more or less autonomous; and they are linked together in a central Federal Government.

Although India is extremely illiterate, only sixteen per cent of the men and three per cent of the women privileged to go to school, the franchise has been extended to ten per cent of the population. This includes six million women, who are surprisingly faithful in exercising their voting privilege.

When election day comes, a strange assortment of vehicles wends its way to "Special Booths for Ladies", which reminds us of some restaurants here in America. Highpowered automobiles, rickety horse tongas, clumsy bullock carts, and old-fashioned palanquins and sedan chairs deposit their female burdens; some women even ride to the polling booth in a basket carried on a sturdy husband's back! Many of these women voters come straight from "purdah"—the curtain which separates the women's quarters from the public rooms of a home—symbolic of the seclusion in which women have been kept since the coming of the Mohammedans centuries ago. They titter and giggle nervously as they negotiate the few steps to the booth, after carefully adjusting their veils or their all-enveloping white cloaks with only slits at eye-level.

Election day is great fun in India. As so few people can read or write, much has to be accomplished by means of picture and symbol. In a certain election in our town, one candidate chose an umbrella, another a lion, another a human hand; and imposing placards urged voters to "Plump for the lion" and so on.

In the new provincial parliaments there are no less than fifty women members. That was staggering in itself, but a woman has recently been appointed as Minister of Education and Public Health for the United Provinces. She is Mrs. Pandit, a charming and cultured woman in her thirties, sister of the well-known reformer Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, former President of the Congress and a self-styled atheistic socialist. Mrs. Pandit has three children who are being educated . . . guess where! . . . in an American school in the hills of North India.

Throughout these twenty-five years that I have known India intimately, a romantic figure has flitted across the stage of politics, economics, and religion—a homely little brown man, affectionately called "The Great of Soul"—the Mahatma.

We had the honor of sharing a platform with him when he visited our town. The hall was packed full of Indian men, with a few progressive women in unobtrusive corners. Most of the men wore Gandhi caps—oblong white cotton caps with the crown peaked both back and front. Some of them wore "Khaddar"—homespun cloth, in deference to Gandhi's campaign for home industries, but many of them wore their usual garments made of finely-woven imported cloth. From inside the hall we heard the uproar when the great man arrived and was greeted by frenzied adoration, women holding out their babies to touch him, as if he were a god in very truth. As the emaciated Mahatma passed us, he bowed and smiled to us, and my heart melted; for his big brown eyes are pools of benevolence. I do not pretend to understand all his actions, some of which seem to a westerner so inconsistent, but I believe he has worked wholeheartedly for the uplift of his beloved motherland.

Gandhi has certainly done for the outcastes what we missionaries have tried to do for over a hundred years. He has given them a consciousness of their own worth that is fast combating the stultifying inferiority complex induced by centuries of inhuman repression. We were in India when Gandhi fasted—perilously near to death—on behalf of the outcastes. His object was to keep them within the Hindu fold. The caste people used to insist that these sixty million fellow-Indians, variously called the outcastes or the untouchables or the depressed classes, were not Hindus at all. They were too low in the social scale for that, being presumably the descendants of aborigines conquered and enslaved by the invading Aryans four millennia ago.

It was because of this unyielding attitude on the part of the high caste Indians, that a certain number of seats had been allocated to the outcastes. Gandhi insisted that they must not be reckoned as a separate political community. So . . . he began to fast. The whole world watched, breathless. At the eleventh hour (or rather, at a quarter to twelve!) a simple compromise saved the Mahatma. The outcastes were allowed to have a certain number of seats, but within those assigned to the Hindus, thus forever settling the question as to whether these unfortunate human beings were to be reckoned Hindus. And now we have an amusing anomaly, for when election time draws near, high caste men to whom the very shadow of an untouchable ought to spell pollution, may be seen wading through the mud and filth of the outcaste quarters on the edge of the village, and ingratiatingly asking for votes!

Dr. Ambedkar, the leader of the outcastes at that time and ever since, has sometimes been called the "Abraham Lincoln of India." In my files I have the copy of a letter written home about fifteen years ago, after a visit from this great man. He had decided to open a school for untouchable boys near our mission compound, and courteously called to ask our advice on various points. Right at our dining table he told us the story of his life, now so well known. A clever outcaste boy, he had the good luck to get an education in India and then a scholarship abroad. He studied law in London, and took his Ph.D. at Columbia, and then returned to India, all afire to work for his native land. But the doors were closed. He could neither get an interview with the Indian Prince whom he had hoped to serve, nor could he get a letter delivered. Why? Because in the eyes of orthodox India he was still a despicable outcaste. He went to Bombay, a cosmopolitan city not so caste-ridden, and rose high in the legal profession.

His ambition was to work for his people, and make it impossible that any untouchable could ever be treated as he had been. And Dr. Ambedkar is seeing his fondest ambitions fulfilled. Schools, roads, wells, and other public utilities, formerly exclusive, are being made available to the outcastes. Many temples are allowing their entry—for in the old days an outcaste was kept from the house of his gods, and had to make special little temples for his own use. In many Native States as well as in British India, Temple Entry Bills have been introduced.

Many factors are helping to change the so-called unchanging East. Take the elementary matter of transport, for example. India is positively travel-mad. Instead of trundling along as his forefathers did at two miles per hour in a springless bullock cart, even the poorest peasant can occasionally rush to town or to a neighboring

(Continued on page 61)

Twilight in the Foothills

Twilight in the foothills
Deep'ning into dark.
Far away the nocturne
Of a meadow lark.

Purple, wooded hill slopes
Fading out of sight.
Unseen hands are drawing
The tapestries of night.

Shadowy forms come creeping
Forth from hidden lairs.
Pines with arms uplifted
Offer evening prayers.

Soft lights smile a welcome
To the homeward bound,
Where, when tasks are ended
Rest and love are found.

Chester Larue Hampton

A team, composed of a Sunday School superintendent and scoutmaster (*both left*) visit an unchurched family in Geneva, New York. Incidentally, as a result of this visit, the parents joined the church, and the father and three children were baptized

TWO *and* TWO

By Norman Lyon

☆

WHEN the need arises, the man appears.

A man has been meeting a need in American life for more than twenty years, but in relative obscurity. Now his hour has come. He is suddenly being lifted into national prominence as the man "who has come to the Kingdom for such a time as this."

He is Guy Black—who discovered and developed a new method in evangelism. Not a new method of evangelism, but a new step in the old method, a step which vastly increases the success of evangelism.

Oddly enough, in view of his present headline value, this is Guy Black's first "write-up." Until now, his newly discovered step in evangelism has scarcely been noticed by the Church as a whole. The Church has been so preoccupied with preaching to those who come to it and with "adjusting" itself to the rising tide of secularism that it has had to wait until it was in a new mood—the mood of taking the Church on the offensive—to discover the man who has the technique for aggressive religion.

The oddest thing about Doctor Black's method is that he lifted it right out of the New Testament, a method which Jesus himself used with great success, but a method which the Church itself has strangely overlooked. Perhaps the simplest way to tell of what Black has been doing is to recount the story of the sending out of the Seventy, as recorded in the tenth chapter of Luke's Gospel. "Now after these things the Lord appointed seventy others, and sent them two and two before his face into every city and place, whither he himself was about to come. . . . And the seventy returned again with joy, saying,Lord. . . ."

Christ was on the offensive. He was going from city to city with a strange, new message for the world. And he prepared the way by sending ahead of him a large company of believers in teams of two, to tell the people about him and bring them to hear him.

So is it today. The churches of Christ in America are now on the offensive. They are no longer content to wait for people to come to church, or to wait for the enemies of Christ to attack His church. In this year of 1940, the churches are going to the people wherever they can be found—in their homes, their offices, clubs, factories, stores—with a message for the world of today, a message as fresh as when Jesus first took it from town to town.

The National Christian Mission, a group of thousands of churches in twenty-two of our largest cities under the sponsorship of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America has called Guy Black to direct the mobilization of more than 200,000 carefully selected laymen for the task of going out two-by-two with the message of Christ to those who do not come to hear it. The National Christian Mission will

send thirty topline preachers into each of the twenty-two cities, for an eight-day round of preaching at huge mass meetings and at hundreds of club and luncheon meetings, not to mention several series of seminars for those who want to come to grips at a round-table discussion with the issues confronting us as individuals and as a people. But unlike the first Mission, a four-day affair held in forty-one cities in 1936-7, the Mission this winter is not content with preaching and discussing. It is going out aggressively to bring the people to the meetings and into membership in the church. To accomplish this, it is turning to the laymen, and to Doctor Black to direct the laymen.

And, incidentally, Guy Black has been given the task of mobilizing and training not only the laymen of the twenty-two metropolitan areas, where eight-day missions will be held, but also the laymen of hundreds of smaller outlying cities where auxiliary two-day missions will be held immediately after the close of the large metropolitan missions.

Above the Rev. Dr. Guy H. Black, whom the prospective recruits in his membership campaigns seldom hear of and almost never see

Who is Guy Black? Just an humble preacher who has come up from obscurity the hard way. His early days were far from the spotlight of a national magazine and far from the great numbers of men with whom he is working today. He first discovered the idea of using laymen as Christ used the Seventy while student pastor of a little Methodist Church in Hamlet, Indiana. The church had but sixty-six members when Guy began commuting there from his theological studies at Garrett Seminary at Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois. While watching the cows and telephone poles go by during the Friday afternoon train trip to Hamlet, he was meditating on the question of how to bring outsiders into the church. Preaching alone would not do it. They must come to the church before his preaching could come to them. The idea which was destined to make of him a national figure was not long in coming. As he had done in his days as a merchant and salesman, he would ask a prominent layman of the church to go with him to the homes of the unchurched and introduce him. This plan would take the layman away from his work on busy Saturdays, but Guy soon discovered that the laymen were glad to give him their time. As with the Seventy, they "returned with joy" from the new work.

Soon Guy was asking the laymen to go out two-by-two, without him. At the end of one year, the church had doubled its membership of sixty-six, and added one more, making 133. Following his success at Hamlet, he was quickly promoted to a more difficult charge, the Bobo circuit, also in Indiana. There he so increased the membership and activity of the churches that the circuit was divided into two at the end of his first year and the pastors' salaries increased from $800 to $1800.

His first full-time pastorate was at South Bend, Indiana. There he proceeded to increase the membership from 200 to 350, relying mainly on his destiny-laden methods of sending out his leading laymen, two-by-two, to bring their unchurched neighbors into the church.

His work at South Bend attracted the attention of the Methodist Board of Home Missions which had its eyes and ears open for progressive young men with new and workable methods of extending the influence of the church. The Board subsidized Black and sent him to Gary, Indiana, the rapidly growing steel city, where he doubled the membership, from 550 to 1100. Soon it was up to 1800.

During his pastorate at Gary, Black returned to South Bend to conduct an experiment which was to have nation-wide consequences. At the request of the pastors of several South Bend churches, he undertook to train the laymen of their churches at one time, his first inter-church campaign. At the end of that experiment, the churches of South Bend had 1192 new members.

This experiment was the beginning of the end of his career as pastor. The Department of Evangelism of the Methodist Church, with headquarters at Philadelphia, heard of what he did for the churches of South Bend, and appointed him its field secretary, with the charge to repeat the experiment among Methodist churches from coast to coast. America had become his parish. Thus began his nation-wide career of training and using laymen in evangelism.

Altogether, Guy Black has trained laymen in more than 400 cities. Between 300,000 and 350,000 people have been brought into the churches of the nation as a direct result of his work, not to mention the unknown thousands won since then by the laymen and pastors he has trained.

Now, in 1940, after a score of years of free-lancing and pioneering, he will again be sponsored by an institution, the Federal Council of Churches, which has risen to great influence from the same need for interdenominational action which Black had felt. Few indeed are the individuals who pioneer in movements of such social and spiritual importance, and still fewer are those who are called from their lone pioneering to the work of expanding their movement into a great national effort under the sponsorship of a great national institution in an hour of great national crisis. Our wildest dreams could not picture a more complete fulfillment of a career, nor a greater justification for a sense of personal worth to the world.

The size of his work for the Federal Council is gargantuan. During this past spring and summer, he organized an average of five thousand teams—ten thousand laymen—in each of the twenty-two cities where the Federal Council will conduct its National Christian Mission this winter. These 200,000 laymen will make a mighty drive during the week of September 29 to bring the inactive church members of America back into the churches. Every member of every church participating in the Mission will be asked to agree to attend church on World Communion Sunday, October 6, and every Sunday thereafter until the end of the year.

This round-up of the inactive members is but the first assignment for the laymen. Their second and more difficult task begins after the close of the eight-day Mission in each city. One week after the thirty preachers have spoken in hundreds of mass meetings, luncheon clubs and seminars, Doctor Black and his corps of eight associates will arrive to direct a smaller and more carefully selected army of laymen in an effort for new members *(Continued on page 52)*

The Best in RADIO

Selected Programs on October Airwaves

(All Time Is Eastern Standard Time)

Columbia Broadcasting System—WABC, WCAU, and affiliated stations.
National Broadcasting Company—BLUE Network—WJZ, WFH, and affiliated stations.
National Broadcasting Company—RED Network—WEAF, KWY, and affiliated stations.

DAILY

8:00 A.M. News of Europe—international news broadcasts—CBS and NBC-Red and Blue.
9:45 A.M. Edward MacHugh—the Gospel Singer—Red.
12:30 P.M. National Farm and Home Hour—guest speakers—Blue.
1:15 P.M. Between the Bookends—Ted Malone reads poetry and discusses books—Blue.
2.00 P.M. Light of the World—dramatizations based on the Bible—Red.
3:45 P.M. A Friend Indeed—Richard Maxwell, dramatizations of good deeds done by contemporaries—CBS.
5:00 P.M. Children's Hour—"Rocky Gordon", "Malcolm Claire", "Ireene Wicker", and "Bud Barton"—Blue.
6:05 P.M. Human Side of the News—Edwin C. Hill—CBS.
6:30 P.M. Paul Sullivan Reviews the News—CBS.
6:45 P.M. Lowell Thomas, news commentator—Blue.
10:00 P.M. T. R. Ybarra, foreign news commentator—Blue.

SUNDAYS

9:30 A.M. Richard Maxwell—songs of comfort and cheer—CBS.
10:00 A.M. Church of the Air—addresses by representatives of all faiths—CBS.
10:00 A.M. Radio Pulpit—Dr. Ralph W. Sockman—Red.
10:30 A.M. Southernaires—Negro spirituals and devotional service—Blue.
10:30 A.M. Wings Over Jordan—religious talks and spirituals—CBS.
11:15 A.M. Luther-Layman Singers—folk songs of America—Blue.
11:45 A.M. Ahead of the Headlines—news by Newsweek—Blue.
12:00 Noon Radio City Music Hall of the Air—symphony orchestra, soloists—Blue.
12:30 P.M. Wings Over America—dramas and discussions on aviation—Red.
12:30 P.M. Salt Lake City Tabernacle—world-famous choir sings selections of religious music—CBS.
1:00 P.M. Church of the Air—CBS.
1:30 P.M. March of Games—children's quiz show—CBS.
2:00 P.M. United We Stand—dramatizations showing privileges and duties of citizenship—CBS.
2:30 P.M. University of Chicago Round Table Discussions—current problems discussed by experts—Red.
3:00 P.M. New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, begins Oct. 13—CBS.
3:15 P.M. Foreign Policy Association—United States foreign policy discussions—Blue.
3:30 P.M. H. V. Kaltenborn—editing the day's news—Red.
4:00 P.M. National Vespers—Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick—Blue.
4:30 P.M. Invitation to Learning—reviews of great books—CBS.
4:30 P.M. World Is Yours—dramatizations of the world of science—Red.
5:00 P.M. Metropolitan Opera Auditions of the Air—begins Oct. 20—Red.
7:30 P.M. Dorothy Thompson, news commentator—Blue.
8:30 P.M. One Man's Family—dramatization of family life—Red.
8:55 P.M. Elmer Davis—outstanding journalist analyzes the news—CBS.
9:00 P.M. Ford Sunday Evening Hour—for lovers of good music—CBS.
9:30 P.M. American Album of Familiar Music—Haenschen concert orchestra—Red.
10:30 P.M. Human Nature in Action—why we behave as we do—Red.
11:00 P.M. Headlines and By-Lines—news program—CBS.

MONDAYS

1:30 P.M. Religion in the New World—Dr. Joseph Sizoo—Blue.
2:30 P.M. United States Navy Band—Lt. Charles Benter, director—Blue.
2:45 P.M. Hymns of All Churches—directed by Joe Emerson—Red.
4:00 P.M. Columbia's Lecture Hall—talks on current events, history, economics and science—CBS.
6:45 P.M. The World Today—international news—CBS.
8:00 P.M. The Telephone Hour—symphony orchestra and soloists—Red.
8:30 P.M. The Voice of Firestone—Richard Crooks alternating with Margaret Speaks, symphonic orchestra—Red.
10:00 P.M. Carnation Contented program—soloists—Red.
10:30 P.M. Adventures in Reading—discussion of well known books—Blue.

TUESDAYS

1:30 P.M. Our Spiritual Life—Dr. John S. Bonnell—Blue.
2:45 P.M. Hymns of All Churches—Joe Emerson—Red.
4:00 P.M. Of Men and Books—reviews of current books by John T. Frederick, faculty member of Northwestern University—CBS.
7:45 P.M. H. V. Kaltenborn—editing the day's news—Red.
8:30 P.M. Information Please—quiz program to stump the experts—Blue.
9:00 P.M. We, the People—Gabriel Heatter interviews interesting and unusual personalities—CBS.
10:15 P.M. Public Affairs—people in the news discuss current public problems—CBS.

WEDNESDAYS

1:00 P.M. Piano Recitals—distinguished virtuosos—Red.
1:30 P.M. Positive Answer to the World's Despair—Dr. Francis C. Stifler—Blue.
2:15 P.M. Echoes of History—dramatizations of historic orations, alternate Wednesdays, Oct. 2, 16, and 30—Blue.
4:00 P.M. Columbia's Lecture Hall—talks on literature, drama, art, and music—CBS.
7:30 P.M. Cavalcade of America—dramatizations of American history—Red.
7:45 P.M. H. V. Kaltenborn—editing the day's news—Red.
8:00 P.M. Quiz Kids—for children under 15—Blue.
10:15 P.M. Public Affairs—CBS.

THURSDAYS

12:15 P.M. Southernaires—Negro spirituals—Blue.
1:30 P.M. Common Sense and Sentiment—Dr. Alvin E. Magary—Blue.
2:00 P.M. It Looks From Here—Says Margaret Banning—practical essays on national life—Blue.
2:15 P.M. Traveling Cook—Richard Kent with unusual recipes—Blue.
2:30 P.M. United States Marine Band—conducted by William F. Santelman—Blue.
2:45 P.M. Hymns of All Churches—Joe Emerson—Red.
4:00 P.M. Adventures in Science—interviews with prominent scientists—CBS.
6:15 P.M. Outdoors with Bob Edge—fishing and hunting—CBS.
7:45 P.M. H. V. Kaltenborn—editing the day's news—Red.
10:15 P.M. Public Affairs—CBS.

FRIDAYS

1:30 P.M. Opportunity—Dr. Daniel A. Poling—Blue.
2:00 P.M. Music Appreciation Hour—Dr. Walter Damrosch, begins Oct. 11—Blue.
2:30 P.M. Conrad Thibault—baritone soloist—Blue.
4:00 P.M. Exploring Space—adventures in the field of astronomy—CBS.
7:00 P.M. Josef Marais—folksongs of the African Bushveld—Blue.
8:00 P.M. Cities Service Concert—Lucille Manners, soprano—Red.
9:30 P.M. Arch Oboler's Plays—Red.
10:00 P.M. Public Affairs—CBS.
11:30 P.M. U. S. Antarctic Expedition Salute—alternate Fridays—Red.

SATURDAYS

10:00 A.M. Honest Abe—dramatizations of important episodes in the life of Abraham Lincoln—CBS.
10:15 A.M. Traveling Cook—Richard Kent—Blue.
10:30 A.M. Bright Idea Club—instructive ideas for youngsters—Red.
11:05 A.M. Highways to Health—instructive medical talks—CBS.
12:30 P.M. Nila Mack's "Let's Pretend"—prize-winning children's program—CBS.
12:30 P.M. Call To Youth—Dr. Alfred Grant Walton—Red.
1:15 P.M. Calling All Stamp Collectors—weekly service to nation's philatelists—Red.
6:30 P.M. Religion in the News—Dr. Walter Van Kirk—Red.
6:30 P.M. Renfrew of the Mounted—dramatizations of the life of the Northwest "Mounties"—Blue.
7:00 P.M. People's Platform—extemporaneous round-table discussions of current problems—CBS.
7:30 P.M. Columbia's Gay Nineties—old time songs—CBS.
7:45 P.M. H. V. Kaltenborn—editing the day's news—Red.
8:00 P.M. Listener's Playhouse—original radio plays—Red.
8:30 P.M. The Human Adventure—dramatizations of the research being done by universities of the world—CBS.
9:30 P.M. NBC Radio Guild—oldest dramatic organization in broadcasting—Blue.
10:00 P.M. NBC Symphony—conducted by Hans Wilhelm Steinberg, begins Oct. 12—Blue.

ON THE AIR

By Aileen Soares

RADIO'S foremost symphonic programs, the NBC Symphony Orchestra concerts and the broadcasts by the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra over the CBS chain, return to the air this month. Opening the NBC Symphony season, Saturday, Oct. 12, Hans Wilhelm Steinberg will conduct the initial concert, the first of six guest appearances he is scheduled to make. The following day, Sunday, Oct. 13, John Barbirolli will introduce the Philharmonic Symphony. Among other outstanding musical programs returning to the networks are Music Appreciation Hour, under the direction of Dr. Walter Damrosch, and the Metropolitan Opera Auditions of the Air.

"CHRISTIAN HERALD'S" Dr. Daniel A. Poling, whose "Opportunity" broadcasts won a large audience of young people last year, will begin his Friday series again this month as a feature of NBC's Fall religious schedule. Other popular devotional programs to return will be, "National Vespers" with Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick; "The Radio Pulpit" with Dr. Ralph Sockman; "Religion in the New World" led by Dr. Joseph Sizoo; "Our Spiritual Life" conducted by Dr. John S. Bonnell; "The Call To Youth" with Dr. Alfred G. Walton, and "Religion in the News" edited by Dr. Walter Van Kirk.

"QUIZ KIDS," an Information Please type of program for juveniles, appeared on the air last June as a summer substitute and proved so entertaining that it will carry on during the fall in a new spot of its own. Five youngsters between the ages of five and fifteen appear weekly in the unrehearsed quiz, answering adult-type questions on every conceivable subject. (Wednesdays, 8:00 p.m., EST, NBC-Blue)

All photos © Wide World

Mr. Willkie, in his hotel at Philadelphia immediately after receiving the Republican nomination—this is a characteristic pose during interviews

Mrs. Willkie, also at Philadelphia—all smiles over her husband's victory in the convention

THE RELIGION OF WENDELL WILLKIE

By Daniel A. Poling

☆

I TALKED to Wendell Willkie about religion.

"What is the religion of Wendell Willkie? What are his religious ideals and relationships?" *Christian Herald* readers want to know:—the stream of letters steadily rising makes that clear.

In the June issue of *Christian Herald* when we carried pictures of four candidates for the presidency in each of the major political parties this man Willkie was not in the Republican "gallery." He was not among the first four or even the first eight. But three weeks later he was the Republican presidential nominee. No wonder we wonder!

After reading a few laudatory biographical sketches, talking to a few Willkie fans and rereading some of Mr. Willkie's speeches I took a plane for Indiana to gather first-hand material for the answer to the question of *Christian Herald* readers: "What is the religion of Wendell Willkie?" As a non-partisan religious journal we were bound to do something about that question for already we had answered similar questions concerning President Roosevelt, Candidate Roger Babson of the Prohibition party and Candidate Norman Thomas of the Socialist party. Since 1932 three major articles have presented President Franklin Delano Roosevelt to the considerably more than one million readers of this journal—laudatory articles they were of course.

Before my Indiana trip the available material in the field of my search was limited. "Who's Who in America" listed Mr. Willkie's church as "Episcopal." That was something, for every sketch in "Who's Who" has been personally O.K.'d by the sketchee. Mr. Willkie did not forget or choose to omit (many men do) his religious affiliation. I started with a favorable impression.

During the weeks since the hectic Philadelphia National Convention letters received from the "lunatic fringe" that borders every faith had variously informed me that Mr. Willkie is "an infidel," "a Catholic," "a Jew," and that "he doesn't believe the Bible." But in fairness let me add that two gentlemen wearing the right button had reassured me with the word that Mr. Willkie had "almost" been elected president of the Y. M. C. A. while a student in the University of Indiana and that only the war prevented him from becoming a foreign missionary!

After that I took to the air and landed in Cincinnati. From Cincinnati to Rushville, Indiana, I traveled by train. They call it the "Willkie Special." It is an ac-

Philip Willkie, the nominee's only son. Photo taken during the beaming young man's hurried visit to Philadelphia to congratulate his father

commodation train, a two-car gasoline motor and it stops at the cross roads. The schedule is slow—two hours and thirty-three minutes for eighty-four miles, but one has time to see the ripening corn, the grazing cattle, the church spires dominating the village sky lines also the ancient coach is air-conditioned.

I found Wendell Willkie something like that—village and open country, the friendly Middle West modernized, but still friendly, old-fashioned, intimate. He is from Indiana, but still of it. He personifies success that doesn't forget the worthy though humble past. For a great multitude without respect to party ties there is significance and even reassurance in the fact that a man who may become President locates his personal campaign headquarters not in Chicago's Loop, nor in New York's Manhattan, but in Rushville, Rush County, Indiana. And it may be just another illusion but we like it—the farm boy as master of Wall Street and a resolute maker of the greater America.

But what about that question? We came back with the answer. We got it from townsfolk and church members, from pastors and from Mr. Willkie himself. Mrs. Willkie's family is Presbyterian, as is Mrs. Willkie herself—earnestly, actively so. There is a reserve about this gracious lady, a certain shyness that shrinks from the cameras and camera men at the church door. Her life has been different. Worship just doesn't belong to the calculating give and take of a political campaign. She would worship quietly, unobserved. And her husband is of the same mind. Religion, for these Willkies, isn't a pose it is a practice. I can understand—once in my old home-town I was asked to kiss my blessed mother while the camera ground. That was perhaps the only request of a brother newspaper man I ever refused. Had he snapped me unawares it would have been different. Worship is like that.

Wendell Willkie's parents were Methodists and devout—some would say "severe." Their son has only reverence for his memories of them. His own Sunday school days were boisterous, but he has not forgotten the lessons. "I am still learning them," he said. As a young man he was confirmed and became a member of old St. Stephen's Episcopal Church. A poor and struggling parish it was in a sturdy Welsh community. "Why the Episcopal Church?" I asked. He smiled as he replied, "Associates. A fine girl influenced me. Those I liked to be with, and what I found for myself." Here, Mr. Preacher, are several sermons or addresses on "The influence of good companions." But young Willkie was no mere ornament in his church relations. He took an active interest in church affairs and eventually became a lay reader of the Episcopal Church. Years afterward, in Coffeyville where he taught school, he was the organizer of one of the first if not the very first High School Y.M.C.A.'s in Kansas. Also he conducted a Y.M.C.A. camp.

But what does this former lay reader of the Episcopal Church have *now* to say about religion, about Christianity? As I sat with him in Rushville, Indiana, I asked him the direct question, "Mr. Willkie, what does religion mean to you?" He looked me in the eye with characteristic directness as he replied, "In a sense, it means everything. It is life. Unless we can keep alive and strengthen spiritual values in this world, there is no survival. Of course that is true of any time, but it is doubly true now. The church above all other agencies is our hope, and it is hope, not despair or fear, hope and faith that keeps us on the march."

In another connection he said: "The Christian faith cannot be reconciled with the totalitarian state. Christianity, like democracy believes that the individual is of first importance—that the individual is not the creation of government, but that government is the creation of the individual. The spiritual life must be free and not politically controlled."

These sentences I think are particularly fine: "There are men today who apparently would destroy this freedom of the human spirit. There are men who say that the United States has reached its maturity, that there are no more frontiers. Well, Christianity has no traffic with this philosophy of defeat. Christianity is a faith for men who are forever breaking trails to new achievements. In his sermon in Jerusalem after the crucifixion Simon Peter cried out to his audience, 'You killed the pioneer of life'." That last shows Mr. Willkie familiar with the Moffatt translation of the New Testament!

Whatever else may be said about him here is a man terribly in earnest and totally honest. Some of the wisest political heads in America shook in dismay when he declined the support of Father Coughlin. "He could have straddled that

(Continued on page 71)

Willkie's mother, and his sister, Mrs. Pihl

His father, Herman Francis Willkie

At the Union Printers' Home in Colo. Springs

The frightened *Te-wat* rushed in. "Tell me how you cure them!" he panted. "Tell me, or Umtippe will follow the custom and kill me!"

Where Rolls the Oregon

[PART IV]

By HONORÉ MORROW

Synopsis: **The chief characters in this story, laid in 1836, are Marcus Whitman, a physician, and his beautiful wife, Narcissa; Rev. Henry Spalding and his wife Eliza; William Gray, and young Miles Goodyear; Governor George Simpson of Rupert's Land, Dr. McLoughlin and Pierre Pambrun, Hudson's Bay Company factors; and old Chief Umtippe, of the Cayuse tribe. The first five constitute a party of missionaries sent to the Oregon country by the American Board, although young Goodyear later gets a job with the Hudson's Bay Company. Whitman, besides his work with the Indians, is resolved to bring in settlers and hold the territory for the United States. Simpson, though much attracted by Narcissa, and most courteous to her husband, is equally determined to prevent settlers from coming in. Umtippe is outwardly friendly, and gives Whitman land on which to start his mission. He has an encounter with Narcissa, which earns her his enmity. His brother, the war chief, is also opposed to the whites, but Whitman buys his agreement not to molest them. Now continue:**

FOR several days they were left in peace. There was no interference with their work, except such as came from the constant exhibition of curiosity on the part of the Indians. And Narcissa, the first white woman in their experience, was an unceasing source of wonder to them.

At first their interest was amusing to Narcissa, but after a few days it began to irritate her. They had absolutely no respect for her rights to privacy. She could not teach them not to walk into the cabin at any moment of the day or night, examine what she was doing, handle any of the objects in the dwelling, squat before the fire, help themselves to the food in the limited larder.

One of the worst offenders was old Umtippe. He exhibited not the slightest friendliness for Narcissa, but he obviously considered that he owned the cabin and its contents. He spent hours every day sitting before the fire, dozing.

One day, the cabin being clear of Indians, Narcissa made preparations for a bath. She lighted a huge fire and heated several pots full of water with which she filled the washtub. She fastened the door blanket with ropes, which she twisted around pegs driven into the adobe, and further clinched her privacy—as she thought—by pushing the table against the door jambs.

She was standing in the tub when the blanket was ripped aside, the table heaved over and Umtippe thrust himself angrily into the room.

"Why you try to keep me out?" he demanded in Cayuse.

"Go!" cried Narcissa in the same tongue, wrapping a blanket around her body and pointing to the door.

"No!" scowled the chief, in outraged dignity.

Narcissa had not yet acquired words to express what she felt. Deliberately she crossed the room and, clutching the blanket about her with one hand, with the other she dealt Umtippe a sound box on the ear. "Go!" Her eyes burning with anger, she struck him on either cheek.

The old man's eyes started from their sockets, so astounded was he by the onslaught. He raised his arm to return her blows, but as he did so he caught the look in Narcissa's great blue eyes. Furies danced within them. He backed away. Meek-eyed squaws he understood, but not this golden-haired white woman whom many of the Cayuse suspected of being a witch. Charley Compo had told her of this, and, recalling it, as she saw fear dawning in the chief's eyes, she emitted a banshee wail by running half a dozen scales, staccato and allegro.

Umtippe plunged backward through the door.

Narcissa jerked the curtain into place and flung herself into her clothes. She was still white with fury when Compo came to give her her lesson. She bade him go and fetch Umtippe. He returned shortly, the old chief following him somewhat reluctantly. Narcissa walked up to him and shook her finger in his face, as she bade Compo interpret for her.

"You are never to come into my cabin again without rapping first," she said.

"The land's mine," said Umtippe sullenly. "I'll come here whenever I want to."

"The land you gave us for the mission. The cabin is ours. You will respect our rights, or I'll have 'King George men' in red coats come here with guns to show you what our rights are."

"You are nothing but a squaw," said the Indian. "And squaws who threaten men are killed."

"Kill me! Try it!" cried Narcissa furi-

ously. "And every night my spirit shall come to your tepee and sing your spirit out of your body. Every night until you die, and long after, like this."

She waited until the startled Compo had translated the threat, then again she gave the banshee wail. Both Umtippe and Compo fled the cabin.

Narcissa stood for a long time, motionless, until the color returned to her face. Then with quivering lips she dropped to her knees and bowed her beautiful head upon a log seat.

"Oh, heavenly Father," she whispered. "Help me to endure this terrible country, these filthy savages, this loneliness! Let not my mad decision to come here, last January, bring unhappiness to Marcus, for he is good. Help me to be cheerful. For Jesus Christ's sake, amen."

After supper that night she told Marcus of her encounter. He listened with horror in every line of his face.

"I wish I had been here to boot him out!" was his first reaction. Then, as the significance of what his wife had done came home to him, he exclaimed, "You've made an enemy of the chief!"

"He was my enemy from the first moment he saw me."

"Nonsense! He was as simple and friendly as a child."

"At any rate I have discovered what sort of threat I can hold over these 'simple childish' people. Something that will appeal to the diabolical side of them."

"Narcissa! Narcissa!" he cried. "Don't you see how opposed this is to the policy we agreed upon? In five minutes you roused in him what will take us months to live down."

"And what would you have done?"

"I'd have gotten Charley Compo and explained to the old man how we felt, and told him it must not happen again."

"Marcus," said Narcissa, "I wish to uphold your hands as I wish nothing else in life. But when religion interferes with common sense, I must let common sense rule. Umtippe is a selfish, cruel old man who, as soon as the novelty of our coming has passed, will join the Hudson's Bay Company's forces in trying to get rid of us. For aught we know, he may be in their pay now."

"But you are accusing those Britishers of underhanded methods that I don't think they'd use against us, Narcissa. They are mighty honorable, you know."

"Yes they are, in their own persons," she agreed. "But as representatives of the Company they are without bowels of compassion. All ordinary standards of honor are subservient to their desire to further their country's interests."

"I have a great desire to help my own country get in here," argued Marcus, "but that wouldn't make me do dirty tricks. And I don't set myself up as a bit better than those fellows."

"Well, we'll see," she said with a sigh. "Don't be cross with me, dear. I can't help being a woman—and that's what I am this afternoon—just an outraged female."

"Give her back to me at once!" she said. "There are no spirits—God sent the baby to me"

Illustrator CHARLES ZINGARO

Marcus melted instantly. "Bless your dear heart! If I had my way I'd shelter you from every wind that blows."

He kissed her very gently, and so the slight disagreement was ended.

For several days not only Umtippe but all the other Indians except Charley Compo shunned the cabin. Then, to Marcus' relief, the entire village rode southward about a week after the encounter, and Waii-lat-pu settled to winter solitude.

Two weeks from the day he left Fort Walla Walla, Henry Spalding jogged up to the cabin. He brought with him several pack-horse loads of supplies for Waii-lat-pu. His wife had remained at the Fort. Besides the freight, Spalding brought Narcissa a letter from Governor Simpson. She read it while the two men stabled the horses for the night.

Fort Vancouver,
Oregon Territory
December 1, 1836

Dear Madam:

We were grieved that the onslaught of homesickness attacked you and Madam Spalding during our absence, but were greatly relieved to learn from the Rev. Mr. Spalding that you had reached Fort Walla Walla in good health and spirits.

It had been my hope to call upon you on my journey back to Montreal, but various matters delayed me until the mountain passes are too deep in snow for me to attack them. We would be very happy to have you and Dr. Whitman do us the honor of spending Christmas with us at Fort Vancouver. Dr. McLoughlin will send you the invitation later. We can offer you, I think, a unique experience in showing you how the great holiday may be spent in a British outpost.

With cordial expression of regard for your good husband and yourself, I remain,

Your obedient servant,
George Simpson

Narcissa laid the letter aside, and when Marcus came in she silently handed it to him. Marcus read it, then handed it to Henry. The clergyman snorted as he finished it.

"I suppose you'll go up there Christmas. He didn't ask Eliza and me. We're not his kind."

"Neither am I, so far as that goes!" chuckled Marcus. "I'd dearly like to see the Fort at Christmas—yet we must not go." He looked at Narcissa, who nodded.

"It's absurd to think of it. Our place is here. It's obvious that you had no trouble with them, Henry."

"They treated me like a king!" declared Henry. "Have you had any trouble here—with the Cayuse?"

Marcus narrated their various experiences, omitting only Narcissa's trouble with Umtippe.

"I think you were wrong to begin bribing them," was Spalding's comment. "Though I haven't any idea of what else you could have done. How much land are you going to put under plow this spring?"

"Twenty-five acres if all goes well," replied Marcus.

"Oh yes," put in Spalding. "I saw Miles Goodyear up there. He told me something about working for the Governor as messenger or something of the sort."

"It might be useful to have a young American as his courier here in Oregon," mused Marcus. "Simpson's a smart man. Now then Henry, let's make a list of the supplies you are to give William Gray."

Narcissa took up her sewing and receded into her own thoughts. They were all colored by the fact which had led her and Marcus to make their instant refusal of the Christmas invitation. A baby was coming to Waii-lat-pu in the spring; and Narcissa was deeply glad, not only at the thought of motherhood, but because it enhanced her already deep sense of loyalty to Marcus.

Spalding returned to Fort Walla Walla the following morning, and the Whitmans settled to the task of preparing the mission and themselves for saving souls. Before Compo had left for the winter, Narcissa had been able to draw from him practically his entire vocabulary. This she had written in a notebook, and now she worked every day preparing a Cayuse-English grammar, which she tested on Marcus daily. The Doctor was so persistent that he made really astonishing progress in learning to speak the primitive language.

Christmas passed quietly, with a special service in the cabin, attended only by the two missionaries. A heavy snow fell all Christmas day and several days following. In fact it was January before the sun shone brilliantly and a warm wind began to melt the snow. Marcus, who had been chafing under his enforced idleness, was cheerfully watching bare spaces appear in his new-cleared fields one afternoon, when a lone horseman pushed up the heavy trail from the fort. He gave a loud "halloo" as soon as he sighted Marcus.

It was William Gray.

The Whitmans had not seen a white man since Spalding's visit, so young Gray was doubly welcome. They established him before a glowing fire, and began to ply him with questions.

"Do go on, William," begged Narcissa, "and tell us all the news! We are starving for it. Let me give you some tea and toast. Now begin!"

William grinned happily. "This is mighty cheerful company, after the Spalding gloom. Well, to proceed! Last fall Spalding was told that it was a Spaniard that the Governor had turned back with live stock. It wasn't a Spaniard—it was an American named Ewing Young. Young then decided that, to get even, he'd start a distillery under the very walls of Jason Lee's mission, where Lee has gathered together the ragtag and bobtail of his country. Jason got up a petition, which the Hudson's Bay Company signed, asking Young to give up the distillery, and offering to pay for it. He refused the money, but promised not to make rum. Now Young and Slacum have formed a cattle company, and Young has gone on Slacum's ship to bring another consignment of cattle to Oregon."

"Has Slacum left for good?" asked Narcissa eagerly. "Do you know how he feels about Oregon?"

"I heard that he and Young became great friends, and that Young is so bitter against the Hudson's Bay Company that he can't hear the name mentioned without cursing. That may influence Slacum. But several Hudson's Bay employes took passage on Slacum's ship for San Francisco—they don't overlook anything."

Narcissa looked thoughtfully at the fire. The Company had apparently concluded that it was not the part of wisdom to detain an American naval officer against his will. But, if they had given Slacum up, she knew that they had prepared some sort of checkmate for the effect of the officer's report to Congress.

"Well, well!" exclaimed Marcus. "That is a news budget. Did you come back in Indian canoes, as you went?"

"No," replied Gray. "I came back with Frank Ermatinger, a traveling trader for the Company. He's going out now, to collect the winter's fur catch from the Flatheads, northeast of here. He has his son with him, and is going to try to send him out to the States to go to school."

"But is that possible, this time of year?"

"Ermatinger hopes so. He'll go up to Clark's Fork of the Columbia, over Gibbon's Pass to the Jefferson Fork of the Missouri, and so out."

Narcissa suddenly leaned forward. "William, go with him! Go to the American Board and tell them all that we have learned here, and tell them to send more missionaries. What can our little group do with these thousands of savages? Tell them of the menace of the Hudson's Bay Company."

The two men stared at Narcissa, young Gray's eyes very bright, the Doctor's very thoughtful. *(Continued on page 46)*

This Day of Hate

This day of hate, this passing tragic play
Will end.
Strange Power of God! Man may
At his volition make or break The Plan
Until he thinks himself more God than man;
Then suddenly—the blow!
Beyond a certain point he cannot go,
But finds the Everlasting Hills of God
Across his way.

Beyond the transient darkness of this night
The Cross still glows with steadfast, Holy Light.

Felice de Horvath

Director of the Belgian Gospel Mission explaining the Bible to a farm hand

Fresh Air Mission in Brussels, Belgium, in front of the main R. R. station

BIBLE BLACKOUT

By

FRANK S. MEAD

A gospel mission in North China, held by three colporteurs of the Bible Society

A TINY scrap of news trickled out of forgotten Finland the other day; it was hidden away among the want ads and the death notices, but it should have been run in column one on page one. A Christian worker, the item said, has just returned from Finlandia to America to report that he has been busy for months passing out several thousand Bibles in prison camps for Russians, just before Stalin won, and that many of the Russian prisoners read those Bibles hungrily, avidly, almost frantically, like men whose souls had been starved too long.

That's impressive enough, as an indication of a Russian soul-hunger that the Soviet saviors can't seem to satisfy, but even more impressive is the announcement that these Bibles were printed in Russian and distributed by the British and Foreign Bible Society. Thereby hangs a tale and a warning and a threat of catastrophe every bit as ominous as aeroplanes raining bombs from the skies.

What has happened to most of those countries in which these European Bible-distributors have had their headquarters? The world knows the answer to that one, all too well. Blackout! Defeat! Cathedrals in ruins, in the midst of gaunt towns in ruins. Parishes disrupted, pastors in military service (one-half of the pastors ministering to churches that supported the French Bible Society are (or were) in uniform). Church members have become evacués, refugees, or, if they stayed at home, they have been swamped by other refugees and evacués. France is tending to Fascism—and religious faith has a hard time trying to breathe in Fascist or totalitarian air. The sturdy little Dutch, gallant Protestants and self-appointed Bible-distributors to the native millions in the overpopulated Dutch East Indies—what has happened to them? Belgium looks a lot like Carthage when the old Romans got through with it.

Russia's Red Horde is on the march, sowing the bitter salt of Soviet atheism in the green pastures of European Christianity. The German Nazis, enemies-to-the-death of the free Church and contemptuous of the Scriptures on which that free Church is founded, seem to have everything their own way. And in their way of life and government, the Bible is bonfire-fodder and nothing else.

You and I understand that only God knows what the end will be. Every fine standard of life, struggled for and died for since the first verse of Genesis was written, is threatened as it has never been threatened before. Life. Liberty. The pursuit of happiness. Freedom of speech, press, worship; liberty, equality, fraternity, democracy—Christianity! "Every man his own priest" may become, if the aggressors win, a case of "Every man a soldier." It is blacker than black; it is an old world cracking up, a new world a-borning.

Now we are hearing it said, over and over again, that "When democracy goes, Christianity goes with it." That means that Bible-distribution will go with Christianity. Maybe so—but if the heart-thirst of these prison-camp Russians is any indication, I doubt that Christianity is doomed or that the Bible will be lost, whatever happens or whoever wins. I think it more logical to say that if Christ and the Word should go, then democracy and all the rest of it will go, too. When you take out the Bible you smash the

corner stone, the pillar on which all the rest depends. So—come what may—we must guard with our lives the destruction of God's Word. *There must be no Bible blackout.*

I cannot believe that Christ has had His day with men and that now He is about to give them over to the Nazi and the Red. It is absolutely incredible to me that God can be stopped. This is not humanity's end. Humanity is a stubborn, sacred, deathless thing; it has risen from the dust ten thousand times. Trade, art, culture, faith, hope and charity will persist, provided humanity wants them to exist. And humanity will, so long as there is The Book crying among them that "The earth is the

Above, amid the ruins of Chungking, China, the Bible House—building with the large window—stands unscathed. Below, Colporteur Chang, in North China, instructing a recent convert

Lord's, and the fulness thereof;" and "I am the way, the truth and the life. . . . In the world ye may have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have *overcome* the world."

So long as we have the Book! Aye, there's the rub. The plain, bitter truth is that a Bible blackout is all too possible. While we've been worried sick over the passing of lesser things, not one in a million of us has even dreamed that the Bible, which after all is the ultimate source of our way of life, is faced with blockade and blackout in great areas of the world. You don't want to believe that? Then listen:

Three quarters of the world's missionary supply of the Scriptures have been sent out for decades by the British and Foreign Societies—by the English, Scottish, French, Dutch Societies—by the very countries now overwhelmed by war, by terrific taxation, and by blockade. If that doesn't spell "Crisis" with a capital C, then what does?

Let's go back and see how and by whom this Bible has been carried out to the ends of the earth. It has been printed and circulated by an industrial civilization. That had to be, for the money-wealth of the world is concentrated in the industrial centers. But it was distributed among an *agricultural* civilization, the inhabitants of which couldn't begin to pay the expenses involved in getting those Scriptures to them. Put it this way: Bibles cost anywhere from thirty cents to a dollar and a half to print; it costs as much more to get them to the people who need them.

Now a Chinese family has an income of approximately $133 a year—that is, a lucky Chinese family has about that much cash to count on. A Brazilian laborer makes $.80 per day; an island copra-gatherer makes $30 a year. Bible distribution has been quite large in China and Brazil and the islands—but the natives are not likely to pay the full price for Bibles, on wages like this. Hardly, once they've fed, clothed and sheltered their families. Hence, to meet that need and supply the money to make up the difference, the Bible Societies came into being. The American Bible Society, the British and Foreign, the Dutch. . . .

For years they have carried on their gallant job; missionaries, chaplains, colporteurs, volunteers have struggled to meet the ever-increasing demand of the world for The Word. They worked miracles, considering what they had to work with, but even at that, they could not begin to make the supply meet the demand. South America, for instance, has cost the American Bible Society some $120,000 a year; if the A. B. S. could only have raised $60,000 a year more, in those years of peace, it could have doubled its South American distribution! Never, never has there been enough to meet the sad cry, "Give us the Word, that we may read!"

This America of ours, richest and strongest country in the world, has thought for a long time that it has been doing its part—perhaps more than its part—to get those Bibles out, but (blush now, American Christian!) the truth is that the British people have been contributing more than three times what we Americans have been contributing for Bible distribution, *per capita.* We may object to the English "owning one-quarter of the earth's surface," but we can hardly object to their furnishing three quarters of the Bibles.

And then—with a sickening suddenness—the blackout of war. The British Society, already burdened with a deficit of $80,000, found itself called upon to cut again to the tune of $76,000—or fourteen and one-half per cent of their budget. The French Society is all but crushed and penniless and the Dutch Society cannot send a cent, or even a new Testament, to the Dutch East Indies. As one who has seen that glorious island of Java, with its unbelievable 45,000,000 population, the effect of that immediate collapse in the circulating of the Scriptures seems too much to put into words. Forty-five million people without a single colporteur!

Did we say without *one* colporteur? Let us correct that: they will be without one unless the American Bible Society manages somehow to carry off the job it has just shouldered. In all this industrial Western world, which is the Bible-producing world, the only non-belligerent country among the Bible-producers is the United States. The only Society able at all to keep up the work is the American Bible Society; it is left alone in a battle-racked world to do not only the great job it has been doing, *but now it asks for* *(Continued on page 54)*

A Little Sanctuary ...in a Far Country

A Sermon

By Howard J. Conn

ALTHOUGH I HAVE CAST THEM FAR OFF AMONG THE HEATHEN, AND ALTHOUGH I HAVE SCATTERED THEM AMONG THE COUNTRIES, YET WILL I BE TO THEM AS A LITTLE SANCTUARY IN THE COUNTRIES WHERE THEY SHALL COME.—EZEKIEL 11:16

WE ARE told in the book of Job that Satan was busy going to and fro in the earth, walking up and down in it. I do not know to what extent Satan may be the inspiration of the modern world, but certainly we, like him, are busy going to and fro and walking up and down. In our vacations we now travel to the far parts of the globe; the remainder of the year we travel equally as far within the confines of our own cities. This is an age of motion. It is an age of speed. It is an age of restlessness.

It would be foolish for a preacher or anyone else to suggest that we should cease our activity, for that is not a practical possibility in the world in which we live. But there is one thing we can do to give to our busy lives direction, purpose and significance. That one thing is to develop the habit and quality of meditation.

I use the word "meditation" rather than "prayer" because it is more inclusive. Prayer is of course a form of meditation, but when we use the word "prayer" alone we sometimes think only of those moments of desperation and despair in which we ask God for something that to us seems important.

But meditation is that prayer which is more than petition. Meditation is the upwelling of the human heart in gratitude. It is the concern which flies swift as an arrow to our loved ones in distant places. Meditation is the thoughtful reading of Scripture. It is the careful pondering of devotional literature. Meditation is the silence in which the soul waits for God to lead. It is the faith that in returning and rest we shall be saved, in quietness and confidence shall be our strength. Meditation is the morning watch with which we begin each new day. It is the spirit of man in communion with the spirit of God.

If meditation be at the center of our lives we can live in a world that is busy, that is complex, that is torn; and we can find purpose and meaning in our own experiences. But because this is so essentially the message of religion that we have heard it often times before, let us consider it in relation to three striking texts which we can remember.

The first is from the "Imitation of Christ" by Thomas à Kempis, that devotional classic which many of us read along with our Bible in daily meditation. Thomas à Kempis wrote, "No man doth safely appear abroad, but he who gladly can abide at home out of sight."

The man who can abide at home quietly is the man who is not afraid of himself, who can bear to be with his own thoughts and to endure his own purposes. He is one for whom silence does not mean nothingness, and solitude does not mean emptiness. He has discovered within himself resources that are infinite, a vast domain which no amount of exploration can fully exhaust.

The man who can abide at home quietly is the one who is not afraid of God, who does not have to be making so much noise that he can't hear God's commands. He is one who knows his own shortcomings and his failures but who has honestly tried to make himself a sensitive instrument to do the will of his Heavenly Father. Within the privacy of his own prayer chamber he can wait quietly before God and say, "Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting."

The man who can abide quietly at home out of sight is the man whose roots have grown deep, and who has anchored his life firmly in the life of the eternal universe. He can therefore travel about safely, because his activities will not be a frantic restlessness but rather the expression of the deep purpose within himself. He will not be trying to escape boredom or cover up shallowness. Such a life can be busy and active with all the problems of this modern age, and it will bring to those problems steadfastness, poise and Christian assurance.

No, we do not condemn activity. This is a busy, vital world and it challenges busy, vital men and women. But so many of us in life's press and throng are rushing with aching hearts, seeking something—we are not sure quite what. We move on and on with speed and agitation, but our souls will never find their satisfaction until we pause in the midst of our activity to commune with the Eternal God with whom we shall build ordered lives to confess the beauty of His peace. We cannot safely appear abroad until we gladly can abide at home out of sight.

Ralph Waldo Emerson scorned those of his generation who had always to travel to distant places to find things interesting. He thought they should be more self-reliant and realize that the near at hand exemplifies the far away, that every drop of water is a little ocean. For he said, "Wherever men go, they can discover only as much beauty or worth as they carry with them." Emerson was developing an insight of the Quaker, George Fox, who said that there is "that

HOWARD J. CONN

I was born in 1911 into a Congregational family in Fresno, California. In college I majored in philosophy, getting my degree in 1932 at Stanford University and then doing a year of graduate study at Harvard. After this I decided to enter the Christian ministry. My theological training was obtained at the Yale Divinity School. Since 1936 I have been associated in the ministry of the Union Memorial Church of Glenbrook, Connecticut, a busy church in the suburban area. I am a Congregationalist and also a member of the Wider Quaker Fellowship.

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of God" in each person. The Quakers in turn were following the thought of St. Paul that within the "earthen vessels" of our bodies we carry the treasure of the living spirit of *(Continued on page 66)*

One of the commonest hazards that is closely bound up with courtship these days is the highly emotionalized business that we call petting

By Frank Howard Richardson, M.D.

EVERY business, every profession, every trade, has its handicaps and its hazards, as well as its advantages. It is only common sense for any person considering embarking upon a profession or business, or contemplating learning a trade, to consider its handicaps and weigh its hazards. Only in this way can he ensure for himself the best chance of succeeding in the thing he has in mind.

Marriage, which has much of many trades, businesses and professions in its manifold and complex relationships, is no exception to this rule. And it is only the very foolish and lightminded, and those who have the most inadequate conception of what is involved, who will be willing to barge into this state without taking very carefully into consideration what some of these hazards are. The more anxious a person is to have his marriage a success, the more willing will he be to size up the handicaps and avoid the hazards that are to be encountered.

Before taking up the hazards that beset marriage, it may be as well to study some of those that surround the courtship period that goes before marriage, leaving to a later article the task of charting the hazards surrounding marriage itself, after those of the courtship state have been safely navigated. What are the dangers that young people should have in mind, during the days when marriage is being definitely thought of, but not yet seriously planned for?

Perhaps the greatest as well as the subtlest hazard attending courtship today, is the tendency of young people, as well as of those who are not so young, to consider this whole matter of the marriage relationship too lightly. We see so much of divorce in the daily papers, we find it discussed so casually in our magazines, we encounter it so frequently in daily conversation, that we have begun to feel that it cannot be such a serious matter to break up a marriage, after all.

So many of the moving picture stars enter marriage with such a definite eye on an exit in the very near future, that many young people have begun to feel that it is rather the smart thing to try out a partner or two, before settling down to a permanent marriage. Not that our young people, even the least serious and high-minded among them, ever actually make up their minds to such a trial marriage—for I have yet to find a person who does not hope and expect his marriage to stick, *at the time he is entering upon it.* No one is quite so silly as actually to want his marriage to fail.

The hazard is less obvious than that. It lies in the unexpressed, perhaps even unacknowledged, idea that *if* the right choice has not been made, it is going to be possible to rectify it. And this feeling of a possible lack of permanency encourages many a marriage that would never have been entered into, had the contracting parties realized that it was an association for life, for better or worse, for richer or poorer, until death should part, that was being undertaken.

It is surprising how little folks realize what it means to the emotional, the social, the economic, and the spiritual life of both partners, to go through the ordeal of a divorce, to say nothing of what it means to *be* a divorcé or a divorcée. I wish that anyone who thinks this is a light matter, quite irrespective of the financial questions involved, could talk things over with the doctors, the lawyers, the social workers, who see the wreckage that even the least sensational divorce leaves behind it, in terms of shattered nerves and battered lives. Anyone who has ever gone through that valley with a victim, will want every friend of his spared such an ordeal.

Another hazard that is by no means to be lightly regarded, is the tendency among young people in school or college to rush into serious engagements to marry, without having given the question of economics any but the most casual thought. The commonest excuse given is, "Well, my parents are going to support me anyway, and his (or hers, as the case may be), fully expect to do the same, for some years to come. Why shouldn't they be willing to support us married, the same as they plan to do for us, apart?"

The merest bit of serious thought is enough to show anyone old enough to

think of marrying, the fallacy of this idea. In the first place, it is *not* as cheap to support two people married as it is to support them while single. And in the second place, parents are under no sort of obligation, legal or ethical, to go on supporting children who have ceased their education, and have entered into a new and supposedly adult relationship. The mere fact that many of the parents who are thus victimized *do* fall for this specious argument, is no assurance that others will be equally complaisant; and many a young couple have discovered to their sorrow that parents who have been willing to sacrifice cheerfully to give their children the best education they can procure for them, feel that the time for such sacrifice is over when their children decide to marry, and thus assume adult duties and responsibilities.

It is one thing for parents who can afford it, to decide after due deliberation that they are willing to shorten the period of waiting for their children, by subsidizing their marriage. It is quite a different matter for parents who have been struggling with an educational burden they believe is near completion, to be suddenly confronted with the unattractive prospect of continuing such financial outlay, but in ever-increasing magnitude, for an indeterminate period of time. If you *must* marry before you can support yourselves, at least make sure that those to whom you look for support know about the fact, in advance.

One of the hazards that is closely bound up with courtship these days, is that of the prolonged and highly emotionalized business that we call petting. Whether this is carried on solely between the two who are most nearly involved with each other, or whether (as has come to be taken for granted in many circles) there is frequent undue familiarity between those who are *not* planning to marry each other, there is not much doubt in the minds of psychologists and sociologists that this sort of thing carries with it rather serious possibilities. What is referred to here is not the rough pawing and horse-play that poor taste so often permits; but rather the highly erotic petting and close and prolonged contacts that have come to be accepted even among people who might well be supposed to have higher standards.

It has even come to be the thing to defend the attitude of girls who, while disliking (or claiming to dislike) this sort of indignity, permit it, on the ground that if they do not, they will not get "dates," while other girls with less self-respect have all the attention of the desirable men. A moment's thought exposes this fallacy. Unless we have lost all sense of respect for women, we must admit that a man who refuses to take a girl out for an evening unless she pays for his attentions in this way, is not the most desirable sort of man.

As a matter of fact, anyone who gets the confidence of boys and young men, knows the way they feel about this matter. While many of them are perfectly willing to accept "pay for their fun," as they are inclined to regard it, most of them are frank to say that the girl who sells her dignity and reserve at this cheap figure is not the one they consider when more serious relationships are uppermost in their minds.

But why, someone may ask, is it hazardous for young people who expect to marry, to indulge in these protracted and highly emotional petting orgies? One reason is, that they are an attempt to short-circuit some of the most beautiful of the experiences of marriage, before it is time for them to be experienced. Another reason is that sometimes, carried away by emotion, one or the other is prone to carry things a little farther than either would approve of, in moments of less stress. And this makes for difficult marital adjustments later on. And a third reason is that when petting is indulged in too constantly and too intensely, it is sometimes found that this unfits one to go on and experience the higher joys of marriage, and the more adult developments that might otherwise have been expected.

There is one hazard that must be mentioned today, that a writer in a religious paper would not have thought of mentioning, had he been writing to young people a generation ago. And that is the use of alcohol, even when, as is frequently the case, it is in very small amounts, or in very weak concentrations, such as the beer and light wines that the advocates of "sophisticated modern drinking" tell us are quite harmless.

It is unfortunate, but true, that a great many people who might never have thought of using alcohol in any form, have been misled by the barrage of magazine liquor advertising, the insidious propaganda over the radio, and the matter-of-course way in which social drinking is presented in the moving pictures, into thinking that it is rather silly and old-fashioned to refuse to use alcohol in any form. As a result of this, an added hazard has crept into the free-and-easy, innocent relationships that we have prided ourselves on allowing our American young people. And when this utterly unfounded but nevertheless frequently held attitude governs young people who are seeing much of each other, there is an element of danger present that should not be overlooked.

Whether our writers of advertising and fiction ad- *(Continued on page 54)*

It is far easier to lower a standard than it is to raise one, once the crowd thinks it has a fellow or a girl placed

EDITORIAL FORUM

CHRISTIAN HERALD, *always a crusading journal, has this as its permanent platform: To conserve, interpret, and extend the vital elements of* EVANGELICAL CHRISTIAN FAITH. *To support* WORLD PEACE: *that it may be world-wide and lasting;* CHURCH UNITY: *that it may be an organic reality;* TEMPERANCE: *that through education it may become universal and that the liquor problem may be solved. To carry forward a practical ministry to those who are in need. To champion those forces . . . wherever they appear . . . that bid fair to aid in the effort to make a* CHRIST-LIKE WORLD.

DANIEL A. POLING, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

"Christian Citizen Goes To the Polls!"

FIRST, let us be sure that he goes! America's Public Enemy Number One is still indifference. William Jennings Bryan once said that the crown of American sovereignty is the ballot. If that be so, the citizen who fails to vote ignores his kingship and endangers his kingdom. With little more than half of the qualified American electorate going to the polls in recent national elections, foreign dictators are justified in assuming that we do not take our freedom very seriously. Our fathers died to secure what multitudes of our generation do not lift themselves from easy chairs to exercise. Australia places a penalty upon this indifference—fines the citizen who fails to exercise his or her franchise. To the argument, "the right to vote implies freedom not to vote," Australia in effect replies, "Not so! The right to vote carries the obligation to vote, else democracy is destroyed within herself." What right does any citizen of a free state have for reserving to himself an indifference which, if claimed by all others, would destroy liberty? Here is "special privilege" of the basest sort. Always venal interests go to the polls. Never does selfishness disfranchise itself by staying away. Today the free ballot in America, which is the foundation of all our liberties, is definitely, seriously threatened—not from without, but from within.

CHRISTIAN Citizen, when he does not vote, has double guilt. The ballot box is America's political holy of holies, but it is also an institution made sacred by the Great One who said, "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's," I am not a true Christian if I am not doing my best to be a good citizen. Sin is negative as well as positive, and sins of omission frequently work greater havoc than sins of commission. Short of illness or other conditions over which I have no control, there is for Christian Citizen no honorable exemption from voting. There have been times when some have declared that there were no candidates and no issues representing their convictions, offering them opportunity to register their sovereignty. These have insisted that silence is a protest. But there has never been a time since the free ballot was achieved when the humblest citizen could not write in the name of his candidate or, failing that, vote against some measure or some candidate, or in a final extreme, publish his convictions.

However, in the present national election, every vital issue of our time and every shade of public opinion is represented in the candidates and platforms of the Democratic, Republican, Prohibition and Socialist parties. Surely it cannot be charged that President Roosevelt, Wendell Willkie, Roger Babson, and Norman Thomas fail to make themselves clear. Each of these men is known for his words and his works. (The Communist party is undemocratic, un-American, and unworthy of recognition here.)

(Continued in 3d Column)

America's Impregnable Defense

AMERICA'S impregnable defense must be moral and spiritual—a moral and spiritual offensive. Here the church and school carry a responsibility little short of overwhelming, but it is a responsibility that may and must be discharged. Always in the history of peoples and civilizations, the spirit has at last won over the machine. Whether the Roman squares or Napoleon's legions, mechanization falls before the free soul unafraid.

Dictators cannot stop; they must go on—first to victories, but then to disasters and destruction.

This moral and spiritual offensive will take into account the conscientious objector. We have applauded the Quaker and his kind in Europe; let us be consistent and give him place at home. He too, has a vital contribution to make. We must not lose or destroy that which we defend while we are defending it.

America's impregnable defense must be physical. The police principle recognized for community protection must now be applied by us to the nation and to the North American continent. Those who deal in mass murder, destroyers of freedom, foes of religion and justice, run rampant over the world. In the face of a daily growing menace, our wastage of time and money is little short of criminal.

The only efficient, adequate, democratic program is universal service with each citizen related to the defense at the point of his maximum service. Comparatively few may be required for police or armed military service. Sinister forces organize the delay. Good men, though gullible, are deceived. Others welcome evil help. Overwhelmingly the American people repudiate the fallacy.

I agree with those who insist that America's defense—land, sea, and air—should in the President's cabinet be unified in one civilian cabinet member. Let the defensive relationship with Canada and the understanding with Mexico be perfected immediately. Let the islands of the North and Central Atlantic be brought fully within that plan. Let industry be geared to production—not tomorrow, nor in January—but now; and this removed from political controls. Above all, let spiritual preparedness go forward until the motto, "In God we trust," is justified by our deeds. D. A. P.

(Continued from 1st Column)

President Roosevelt has led the Government of the United States through nearly eight years. He has both the advantage and the disadvantage of being the defender and proponent of domestic and international programs clearly defined and in their particulars widely applied. With enthusiasm he defends his policies and seeks a third term further to serve his country and to vindicate his leadership.

Wendell Willkie, called an amateur in politics, has captured leadership from the so-called professionals, and in doing so has also captured the imagination of a great body—how large only the election itself will reveal—of the American electorate. He is in the American tradition—self-made, a graduate of the school of hard knocks, a liberal by profession and

(Continued on page 59)

MOTION PICTURE *Commentator*

By HOWARD RUSHMORE

NO ONE can deny that the motion picture, for better or worse, has come to occupy a large place in the life of our people. With this issue, *Christian Herald* starts a monthly review of the more important pictures. Howard Rushmore who conducts this department is an experienced commentator and reviewer.

We hope that this department will be helpful in directing *Christian Herald* readers in their selection of pictures to see, but even more we hope this department will play a part in an enrichment of the moral, intellectual and spiritual quality of picture production.

D. A. P.

Just before this issue of *Christian Herald* went to press we had the good fortune to attend a studio preview of Walter Wanger's "Foreign Correspondent." We expected another Hollywood depiction of the drunken newspaperman with the locale changed from Broadway to Hollywood plus the trimmings of drunken photographers and starry-eyed sob sisters. But we reckoned without Alfred Hitchcock, the director who gave us the unforgettable "39 Steps." The roly poly Englishman has scored again in "Foreign Correspondent" in all departments: entertainment, suspense, action and above all, contemporary history. He has taken the routine plot (a New York newspaperman assigned to Europe), made it bristle with gloomy intrigue and expectant murder; has made an otherwise trite love story move strongly against a background of drama and death-by-night. Perhaps there's nothing startlingly new in the idea of star-reporter Joel McCrea blundering into London, out-spying fifth columnist Herbert Marshall and doing his bit to save democracy. But around the search to find the missing Dutch statesman, Albert Basserman, and the semi-tragedy of Laraine Day who loves both her fifth columnist father and his opponent, square-jawed Joel, Hitchcock has created masterful cinema.

The plane crash in which Marshall goes to his death leaving Laraine clinging to Joel, half alive, is one of the most compact and moving "disaster" sequences we have ever seen in a film. But the anti-climax, brought alive by the sheer power of its contemporaneity, is a stirring thing: Joel stands at a London microphone broadcasting to America and bombs are falling outside and their dull thunder comes heavily over his voice. One by one the studio lights fade and Joel tells his native land "The lights are going out here, America. Keep them going over there and ring them with steel and battleships so no one will ever put them out. The lights are going out here, America. Don't ever let them go out over there."

If Hollywood's prodigious strides to overtake history seem belated, congratulations are in order for the film "The Ramparts We Watch" which was produced by the staff of the March of Time. To us this moving documentary picture seemed more of a diary than a drama; but the necessary elements of the latter grow out of the excellent treatment of the former. The diary is our national attitude toward World War I; the drama comes as we watch the past integrate itself with the present; World War II lives in our minds as "The Ramparts We Watch" spins its theme and pounds its message home.

Just what is that message? Audiences will disagree. We thought its newsreel coverage of America from 1914 to 1918 honest and certainly devoid of ostentatious soapboxing. The average people of an average American town are pictured from the time the shots sounded at Sarajevo until taps blew over Flanders. Congressman John Lawton counsels against war hysteria and then votes, finally, for our entrance into the conflict; newspaper editor, kindly John Adair, warns his townspeople to keep the peace and gives the funeral elegy of a young friend who joined the Lafayette Escadrille with angry tears in his eyes; Joe Kovacs, Austrian laborer, watches a newsreel of his old country's troops and goes overseas to die for the Fatherland; the citizens shriek at the sinking of the Lusitania and decry the "bloody Huns." Perhaps the lesson of this important cinema document is that we must reason more clearly now than we did in World War I.

In making this movie, the editors of the March of Time shunned Hollywood technique; and to our opinion, advantageously. There are no professional actors, no soft lights and sweet music and no stage thunder. History does the thundering and does it more convincingly than Hollywood ever did. You no doubt will view this film with varied emotions, but we guarantee "The Ramparts We Watch" will leave you profoundly stirred.

Perhaps we have been saying too many unkind words of the producers, and will make an attempt at amends by giving a loud huzza to MGM's "Pride and Prejudice." This picturization of Jane Austen's comedy may reflect another trend in Hollywood toward the costume picture, which means, is another language, the "escape" film. The sound of Stuka bombers sounds far away when we settle

(Continued on page 55)

The Country Preacher says . . .

HERE I am at home again and from home up into Vermont, where I have hastened to conduct a funeral for a relative. She was a wonderful soul, like an older sister in our family in all our younger days, living to be eighty-six years old. I certainly think it is well that in the Episcopal church we do not undertake to preach a funeral sermon—"preach the funeral" as it used to be called. The ways those dreadful sermons used to harrow up the feelings of the mourners was awful. Why my sister here was telling just this evening of a case of a girl I went to school with who died as a wife and mother. It was a church funeral and if that minister didn't start in and torture the sensibilities of that poor man till he screamed right out and got so bad that they had to rush out for a doctor who came steaming down the main aisle to give the man hypos!

When I wrote last we were still out west. We had a fine trip home coming by way of Chicago and Cleveland and Niagara Falls and Howe's Caverns. The first day we drove 566 miles, averaging over 50 miles an hour, through towns, cities and all. That seems queer to people here in the East but it is nothing out there. The roads are so straight and level and generally if there was anyone headed your way on a side road, you could see him for miles away.

I enjoyed noting the signs by the road, writing down a good many of them. "We love our children, drive slow." Another one "Honest, what's the rush?" Another "Obey speed laws or go to jail." "Drive slow, there will be more pedestrians left." One big sign read, "Thou shalt not kill," and under that was the number killed on the highways in that state that year. Before reaching a certain gas station we read, "If you can't stop, smile as you pass by." We liked staying at cabins better than tourist houses in a way. You felt so independent. At one place we just got nicely settled and about asleep when a great truck load of live hogs drove in and the driver thought it a good place for him to sleep which would have been all right if the pigs had thought the same, which they most decidedly didn't. Funny enough by the time the last hog had exhausted his squealer if a truck load of steers didn't arrive! Their group concert lasted till morning. The people were lovely to us at all the places we stopped to autograph copies of my book. All said they were having good sales and all expected a great increase for the Christmas trade. They thought it would be just the book for so many for a Christmas present.

We get "fan" mail every day and it is most interesting to see how the same thing strikes different people. Perhaps I will write you more about these fan letters next month. More than any one thing they loudly acclaim what is said about sermons and preaching. One woman sent several subjects that her pastor had recently preached on. They are down at my home and you can anticipate them for next time. I myself have not the remotest idea what one meant at all.

But I must close. Have you had your Old Home Day in church yet?

George B. Gilbert

DAILY MEDITATIONS

For the Quiet Hour

BY DR. J. W. G. WARD

OCTOBER, 1940

A PRAYER AND MEDITATION FOR SPIRITUAL PROGRESS EACH DAY OF THE YEAR

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 1

IS ALL RIGHT WITH THE WORLD?
"THE LORD'S HAND IS NOT SHORTENED."
READ ISAIAH 59:16-21.

"GOD'S in His heaven; all's right with the world." This well-known line of Browning has worried countless people. They do not remember that it is a line from a young girl's happy song. They take it as an authoritative statement which they resent. With bloodshed, crime and corruption, poverty and misery in the world how can all be right? The truth is that much is far from right. Yet we must never forget that God *is* in His heaven. His character is unchanging, His power undiminished. Out of evil He brings forth good. And Christ shall yet reign.

Help us, O God, to look beyond the seen to Thee and Thy mercy. So shall the heart be strong. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 2

OUR JUST DESERTS
"HE HATH NOT DEALT WITH US AFTER OUR SINS."
READ PSALM 103:1-12.

"WHAT have I done to deserve this?" That is the complaint which often leaps to our lips when some unexpected tragedy or crushing sorrow comes. That is asserting that all God's chastisements are punishment—which is very far from the truth. Yet suppose we asked the same thing when some great blessing comes, when the common mercies of every day meet us unheralded, when we read of Christ's unfailing love? "What have we done to deserve this?" But God's mercy is measureless, as is His love.

Thou dost daily load us with Thy benefits, O Father. Give us grateful and trustful hearts. Amen.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 3

THE PURSUIT OF PLEASURE
"BROAD IS THE WAY."
READ MATTHEW 7:13-21.

G. F. WATTS' picture, "The Pursuit of Pleasure," shows a long road leading to a precipice; and at the foot is a graveyard. A crowd of people, jostling and pushing, is following the beckoning hand of painted Pleasure. She stands on the brink of the abyss. Yet all eyes seem to be fixed on her, oblivious to the destruction lying just beyond. While legitimate amusement is to be commended, pursuing pleasure for its own sake must end in tragic disillusionment. So our blessed Lord, ever desirous of the best for His friends, bids us beware of the wide ways leading to destruction.

Hold us ever in Thy keeping, O Christ, that we may be found walking in that way which leadeth unto life. For Thy love's sake, Amen.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 4

THE BETTER WAY
"STRAIT IS THE GATE."
READ I PETER 4:1-7.

THAT picture to which we referred yesterday prompts us to feel that, if we could, we would paint a companion picture. It might be called, "The Better Way." We would show a path, set at right angles to the wide way of death. On that, with upward pointing finger, and feet already turned to the heights, we place the figure of Jesus. The magnetism of the Master would overcome the allure of the world. His presence would prove that fullest satisfaction were assured, and that, eventually, the soul would reach those sublime heights, "to which our God Himself is moon and sun."

Help us to trace Thy steps on life's way, and to walk therein, that we may find life's deepest joy. For Thy name's sake, Amen.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5

THE ORGAN-GRINDER
"INASMUCH AS YE DID IT NOT."
READ MATTHEW 25:31-46.

IN "THE ROADMENDER" there is a story of an organ-grinder. Playing one day in a crowded slum street, he saw a little boy who was so moved by the music that he put up his face to be kissed. He pushed the little chap aside, and went on. Some days later, he was injured in an accident. As he lay in hospital, the memory of that upturned face haunted him. So when he at last resumed his round, he played in the same shabby streets, hoping to see the child again. But he never succeeded. So the chances of kindness may pass forever.

We are ever receiving of Thy bounty. Help us never to miss the opportunity of blessing another life. Through Christ our Lord, Amen.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 6

A VITAL QUEST.
"WHERE IS THY GOD?"
READ PSALM 42.

"IF WITH all your hearts ye truly seek Me!" So runs the well-known aria of Mendelssohn. But it is the answer to the deepest question of the human heart. The frightful havoc of war, the recurrent outbursts of crime, the apparent domination of evil, almost crush the devout soul. While the wicked exult, the righteous man is compelled to listen to the taunts from without and the questions of his own heart. "Oh that I knew where I might find Him." The pure in heart shall see God—yea, see Him still at work in the world. But we shall find Him when we seek Him with all our hearts.

O God, forgive our fears and distrust. Help us so to seek that we may find Thee as our very present help. Through Jesus Christ, Amen.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 7

ON GROWING DISCOURAGED
"YOUR LABOR IS NOT IN VAIN."
READ I CORINTHIANS 15:51-58.

ONE of the richest gold mines in the world is the Hollinger Mine, in Canada. In one year, it produced $20,000,000 in the precious metal. And yet, for twelve years, it hardly paid for its working. A generation ago, Ben Hollinger staked his claim in Timmins. It was a place of a few wooden shanties, and five hundred miles from the nearest city. It was regarded as second-rate property at best, and difficulties innumerable, including a bush fire and

several strikes, made the project seem hopeless. Yet Hollinger and his backers held on. And now. . . . So, when life looks unpromising and the skies grow black, keep a brave heart without turning back, and the wealth of God's grace shall be yours.

By Thy divine encouragement, strengthen our hearts to do Thy will in our appointed sphere. In our Saviour's name, Amen.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 8

THE SIMPLE LIFE
"IN SIMPLICITY AND GODLY SINCERITY."
READ II CORINTHIANS 1:3-12.

THERE used to be quite a cult bent on living the simple life. There may still be. Yet there is surely room for improvement in our tastes and outlook. The real pleasures cost little. Happiness is not found in sumptuous surroundings, nor satisfaction in expensive viands. The beauties of God's earth, the splendor of the starlit skies, the bracing effects of a quiet walk through the woodlands, or the delights of good music, an inspiring book, can yield much in the way of genuine enjoyment. Jesus found so much in the simple joys of life; and so may we.

O Thou who hast given us all things richly to enjoy, help us to revel in the works of Thy hands, and in the good which lies within our reach. Through Christ, our Lord, Amen.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 9

CHANGING SEASONS
"THOU REMAINEST."
READ HEBREWS 1:1-12.

"FALLING leaf and fading flower!" That line from a familiar song strikes a responsive chord. The summer is past. The daylight hours are shorter. There is a chill and tang in the air. All of which means that change is going on around us. Yet, blessed be God! no matter how dull and grey the days, how trying the times, that cannot rob us of happy memories of past months. Nor can it dim the gladness of soul engendered by the unchanging God. Let us daily draw strength from Him by which the world may be conquered.

Sustain us by Thy grace, Holy Father, from day to day. So shall life show forth the glory of Thy changeless compassion. Amen.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10

THE FAITH THAT FITS
"WHERE IS YOUR FAITH?"
READ LUKE 8:22-25.

FOR five years a farmer had been plowing around a rock on his land. He had broken one mowing-machine knife on it. So when he started plowing for corn, he resolved to investigate that rock. Prodding around it with a crowbar, to his surprise, he found that it was only a few inches in the soil. He easily dislodged it, and unaided lifted it into his wagon. Yet for all those years, he had let it lie! How about our doubts, our fears, our worries? If we honestly faced them before God, we might discover they were not nearly as formidable as they appear.

Bring us, by Thy Holy Spirit, into line with Thy gracious will that we may find faith indeed. Through Jesus our Lord, Amen.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 11

THE INFALLIBLE GUIDE
"THOU LEADEST THY PEOPLE."
READ PSALM 77:11-20.

A HUNTING party was traveling through the Canadian northwest. They had a young Indian as guide. And every morning, before breaking camp, he would go off alone, to the nearest foothill, gazing motionless over the spreading forest. This used to annoy some who were eager to be off. It seemed like wasting time. But no explanation was given. All day long, however, as the men followed their guide, he led the way along winding trails, through deep valleys, and across the bases of the mountains. From his morning survey, he had taken his bearings for the day's journeyings. How about our morning prayer?

Guide us by Thy counsels, gracious Father, that we may be found walking in the way of right. Through Christ, Amen.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12

COURAGE IN BOTH HANDS
"BE STRONG IN THE LORD."
READ EPHESIANS 6:10-17.

TO TAKE one's courage in both hands is to have those hands strengthened for fine achievement. "The things that haven't been done before, those are the things to try. Columbus dreamed of an unknown shore at the rim of the far-flung sky. And his heart was bold, and his faith was strong, as he ventured in dangers new; and he paid no heed to the jeering throng, or the fears of the doubting crew." That is why he succeeded. Tackle the difficult task today. Use those untried talents. Try some new piece of service by which God may be glorified.

Save us from disparaging Thy grace or ourselves, O Father, that we may bring honor to Thy name. Through Jesus Christ, our Lord, Amen.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 13

SURPASSED PETITIONS
"ABOVE ALL THAT WE ASK OR THINK."
READ EPHESIANS 3:14-21.

INSTEAD of answering our prayers in our way, God, sometimes does so in His way. An unknown writer says, "I asked Life for peace—it gave turmoil and woes. I asked for the sunshine—but storm-clouds arose. These were Life's gifts, not what I would have had could I have chosen them. Yet I am glad, glad because now I can see where I erred when I asked Life for the gifts I preferred." Leave the choice with God. He never gives less than the best, and in His wise providence our prayers are surpassed. This takes the sting from the problem of "unanswered prayers."

Give us that faith in Thyself, that we may, in presenting our petitions to Thee, yet leave the choice in Thy hands. Through Jesus Christ, Amen.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 14

ON EXPECTING TOO MUCH
"BE PATIENT TOWARD ALL MEN."
READ I THESSALONIANS 5:6-18.

AN IRATE old gentleman, riding in a bus, complained to the conductor because it was so bumpy. "Sorry, sir," explained the man, courteously, "but, you see, this is only a bus, not an ambulance." And while that sounds a trifle smart, it is salutary. Do we expect too much from life? We cannot hope to make progress in any worthwhile direction without receiving some jolts. We cannot expect that every one we meet will be as fair, equable, and patient as we strive to be. What then? Let us make the best of things. And one of the best ways of robbing events of their power to irritate and annoy is—not to expect too much.

Divine Master, help us every day, in quiet trust and self-control, to walk worthily of our high calling in Thee.

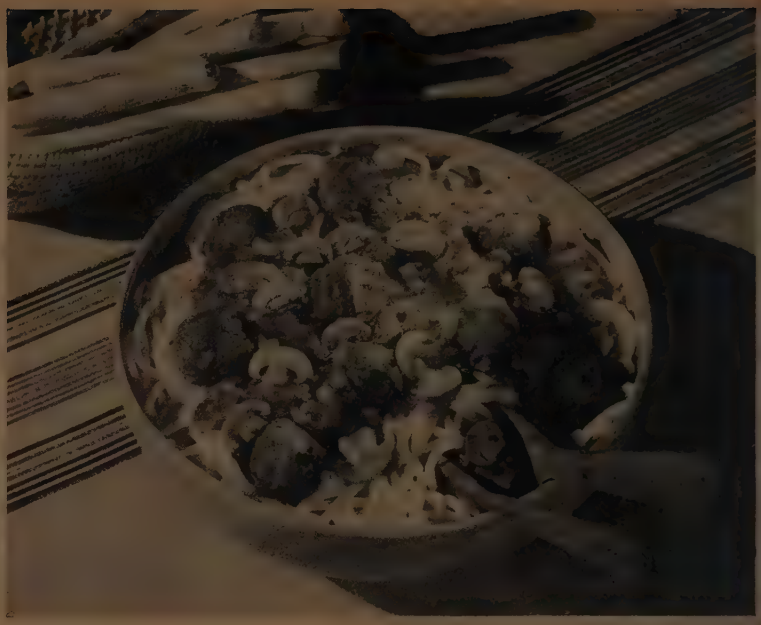
TUESDAY, OCTOBER 15

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE
"BE READY ALWAYS TO GIVE AN ANSWER."
READ I PETER 3:8-17.

IT must pay. When we see the huge billboards adorning the countryside, or see the flashing Neon signs in our cities, when we turn the pages of our magazines and newspapers, and see what skill, ingenuity, and money have been expended to make certain products known, then it must pay. Success, however, depends on the genuineness of the commodity offered. That being assured, then it is mandatory to make it known. So we must declare the good

(Continued on page 62)

Good to the bottom of the bowl is a hearty one-dish meal of savory spaghetti, joined with tiny meat balls in tomato mushroom sauce



ONE DISH *Is Enough*

By

CLEMENTINE PADDLEFORD

Plan the church supper around one succulent, generous dish and let that one dish be good, *good,* GOOD and plentiful. Let it be perfection which means right in every detail.

One-dish meals eliminate the cooking of several different foods, lessen dishwashing, require less time to prepare and if that one dish is a casserole dish the supper will be better than the usual. The casserole as a method of cookery produces better results with less supervision than cookery of any other type. Casserole food improves by judicious neglect. Casserole cooking mellows and blends whatever foods it cooks. In a casserole the tough old hen, or the slab of leathery beef, turns into a succulent delight.

Serve the food from the dish right at the table, for the casserole no longer means stew pan. It has developed color, line, and beauty. But the newer types still heat slowly, hold heat well, transmit heat as directly as possible to the food they contain, and produce food of the traditional blended flavor and exceeding tenderness. Slowness of heat diffusion should be the criterion which determines the choice of utensil for the casserole dish. Left in the dish in which it cooks, the food keeps hot an incredibly long time. If supper is delayed? Well, it's no great matter. The food won't dry to a crisp, cook to a mush, or chill off in a minute.

The main dish pattern is cut on simple lines. First there is a protein-rich food, usually meat or cheese, perhaps fish or eggs. Next there must be a starchy food, potatoes or cereal in some form, corn or rice, macaroni or noodles. Frequently one or more succulent vegetables are added, as well as onion, celery, parsley and green pepper for the catchy seasoning. Tomatoes fit nicely into a main dish pattern, supplying color, flavor and liquid, as well as the valuable vitamin C.

Ideally, the main dish presents a "balanced" meal. But the children should have their milk. Frequently a crisp raw vegetable salad is needed. Pass this in large wooden chopping bowls or yellow mixing bowls and let each guest help himself.

This Baked Veal and Noodle Casserole is the very best dish of the first Christian Church of Columbia, Missouri; as served by the Woman's Council and submitted by Mrs. Mack Jones. With this baked veal and noodle dish, we suggest green peas or string beans as the extra vegetable. Celery and olives take salad's place. Would you like fruit gelatine dessert?

BAKED VEAL AND NOODLES

2½ lbs. lean veal
2½ lbs. lean pork
3 small onions, finely chopped
2½ cups hot water
2½ teaspoons salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
5 cans mushroom soup
2½ lbs. egg noodles
4 tablespoons salt
1 gallon water (about)
½ lb. butter
2 cups bread crumbs

Cut meat in small pieces with scissors. Brown quickly, a small amount at a time, in hot skillet greased with suet. Brown finely chopped onions, add to meat. Season with salt and pepper, add hot water and tightly cover pan. Bake in a moderately hot oven (375 degrees F.) 2 hours. When meat is tender drain liquid to make two cups and mix with mushroom soup. Cook noodles in the boiling salted water. Grease large dripping pan, arrange meat in bottom, next a layer of hot cooked noodles, then more meat, more noodles, and over all pour hot mushroom gravy. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) for 30 minutes or until firm. Mix toasted bread crumbs with melted butter and sprinkle over baked noodles. Brown under broiler. Yield: 50 servings.

Vegetable casserole goes over in a big way at the First Baptist Church of Alpena, Michigan, as reported by Mrs. William C. Spens. With this well-balanced main dish only a green is needed to complete the meal with bread and butter, a beverage and dessert.

VEGETABLE CASSEROLE

24 potatoes
24 carrots
24 medium onions, finely cut
3 (No. 2) cans lima beans
6 lbs. hamburger
3 cups minute tapioca
6 tablespoons butter, melted
2 tablespoons salt
1 teaspoon pepper

Wash, peel and dice potatoes. Wash and scrape carrots, chop onions and cook vegetables together ten minutes in boiling salted water. Do not drain but remove from heat and add lima beans. Mix hamburger with tapioca, melted butter, salt and pepper. Add vegetables and cooking water to meat mixture, mix thoroughly, add more water to cover all ingredients. Place in casseroles and bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) for 1 hour. Yield: 50 servings.

In January of this year, this tasty veal and noodle dish was served to fifty women members of the Missionary Society of the Asbury Delaware Methodist Church of Buffalo, New York. Mrs. H. J. Elmore, who sends the recipe, tells us the cooks for the occasion were showered with compliments.

VEAL NOODLE CASSEROLE

5 pounds shoulder of veal, cut for stewing
½ cup flour
2 teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
¼ cup fat
2 cups water
1 bunch carrots, diced
1 stalk celery, cut fine
1 small onion, chopped (optional)
10 cans condensed mushroom soup
5 pounds noodles, cooked
2 (No. 2) cans peas

Wipe veal with damp cloth, roll in

combined flour, salt and pepper and brown in fat in large heavy skillet. Add water, cover and let simmer 1 hour. Add carrots, celery and onion, if desired, and cook ½ hour longer or until meat and vegetables are tender. Use any remaining liquid plus water to dilute soup according to directions on can and combine all ingredients. Turn into greased casseroles and bake 20 to 30 minutes, or until heated through, in moderate oven (350 degrees F.). Individual casseroles may be used, if desired, and buttered bread crumbs sprinkled over the top for a brown crust. Yield: 50 servings.

Pauline B. Stoddard of Kenmore, New York, gives the details of this mock chicken casserole dinner served by the Ladies Aid of the First Universalist Church in Buffalo. The dish costs about 17½c per person and is popular with men. "Fills them up to the chin" according to Mrs. Stoddard. With the casserole the Ladies Aid group served a shoestring beet and horseradish salad, rolls and butter, coffee and cake.

MOCK CHICKEN CASSEROLE

10 (4 oz.) pkgs. potato chips
10 small cans tuna fish
10 cans condensed mushroom soup
2 small cans pimiento (optional)
10 cups (2½ qts.) milk

Crush potato chips fairly fine. Flake tuna fish. Chop pimiento. For each of ten casserole dishes, mix ¾ packages of chips, 1 can flaked tuna fish, 1 can soup, 1 cup milk, 1 piece of pimiento cut small. Put into unbuttered dish, sprinkle rest of package of crushed chips over the tops, and bake for half an hour in moderate oven (350 degrees F.). Yield: 50 servings.

When the Wakefield, Kansas, Women's Council prepared a Mother's Day luncheon last May, they featured a one-dish main course, this tuna fish and egg casserole. Sliced tomatoes were served and bowls of rosy radishes, were passed, also hot rolls and homemade jelly. Strawberry shortcake and coffee made a bounteous ending. Fern Normandin sends the casserole recipe.

TUNA FISH AND EGG CASSEROLE

8 (7 oz.) cans tuna fish
8 tablespoons lemon juice
16 hard cooked eggs, sliced
4 (No. 2) cans peas, drained
1 cup butter
1 cup flour
2 quarts milk
2 teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 pound American cheese, grated
4 cups fresh bread crumbs

Salmon in a chowder pie is topped with bran buttermilk biscuits.

Drain oil from the tuna fish and reserve. Flake fish and add the lemon juice. Arrange the fish, eggs, and peas in alternate layers in 4 greased pans (8 x 12 inches). Melt the butter in a double boiler. Add the flour, then blend. Add milk, seasonings, and cheese, and cook over boiling water stirring constantly until thickened. Pour over mixture in pans, and top with bread crumbs to which the tuna-fish oil has been added. Bake in a moderately hot oven (375 degrees F.) about 30 minutes or until the crumbs are golden brown and the sauce bubbles up through the crumbs. Yield: 50 servings.

The Ladies Aid Society of the First Presbyterian Church of Brookings, South Dakota, meets every two weeks and serves luncheon after a business meeting and social hour. The menus are planned for ease in preparation and to serve without fuss. Summer menus feature salad with hot rolls and sandwiches, ice cream and cookies. In winter the main course is a hot dish. Mrs. Odda W. Perkins sends recipes for a tuna fish casserole, also escalloped potatoes with ham and this One-Dish Meal we give below. This recipe has been used many times and Mrs. Perkins assures us it can be used with good luck by other church cooks. The simplicity of preparation appeals to our lazy bones.

ONE-DISH MEAL

6 lbs. ground beef
4 cups uncooked rice
4½ quarts canned tomatoes
½ lb. butter, melted
3 tablespoons salt

Wash rice, mix with meat, tomatoes, melted butter and salt. Put mixture into large uncovered pans, well greased, and bake in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) 2 hours. Yield: 50 servings.

Mrs. R. O. Scott of the Ruth Class of the First Baptist Church of Washington, Pa., contributes this Spaghetti Chicken Dish to our cooks' round table. Serve it, as they do in Washington, with hot rolls and a fruit salad.

SPAGHETTI DE LUXE

3 (4-5 lb.) chickens
3½ boxes spaghetti
1 lb. American cheese
1 cup mushrooms
2 cups buttered crumbs
4 or 5 cups thin white sauce (depending upon amount of broth)
Salt to taste
Pepper to taste

Clean and wash chickens. Cover with salted water and simmer until meat is tender. Remove chickens from broth. Slip meat from bones. Dice in ½-inch pieces. Cook spaghetti in boiling chicken broth, add boiling water to make 3½ quarts liquid. Make a thin white sauce by creaming 4 tablespoons of butter with 4 tablespoons of flour and adding 1 quart of hot milk. Salt to taste and cook 15 minutes or until smooth, stirring constantly. Add grated cheese and stir until it melts and blends with the sauce. Butter a large shallow baking dish, and arrange in this alternate layers of spaghetti, chicken and diced mushrooms, add white sauce to moisten and sprinkle with buttered crumbs. Brown in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) for 30 to

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VERY BEST SELLER

Have you a "best seller" recipe that has won its spurs at a church bazaar? In the December issue Christian Herald will print ten "Best Sellers" in candy, cookies, jams, pickles, fruitcake—that have earned a bazaar reputation. Send us your recipe. Tell us the name of your church, when the bazaar was given, how much money your donation earned. We will pay $1.00 for every recipe and letter accepted. Details about the bazaar, or the booth in which your product was featured, add to the interest. Send your letters to the Church Housekeeping Bureau, Christian Herald, 419 Fourth Avenue, New York City, New York.

(Continued from page 20)

said Breen. "How very appropriate!"

It was always like that. The things that Breen Standard touched grew smaller and less shapely. Vickery could not bear the thought of having that happen to Cintha. He leaned forward abruptly. "I understand," he said, "that you do sketches—portraits. Awfully clever. Would you do that the night of the performance?"

"Why should I?" said Breen lazily.

"Because Cintha's going to ask you," said Vickery dryly.

Cintha was leaning forward too. There was a quality of light in Cintha's eyes that had nothing to do with color. A golden look, Breen called it. "Will you?" she said breathlessly.

"I will," said Breen, "if you'll make it worth my while."

"And what would make it worth your while?" said Cintha.

"You," said Breen Standard.

Vickery was moving the piano when Cintha and Breen came in. He drew a breath that snagged against his ribs.

"Cintha," he said, "is it really you?"

Vickery had known about the dress, of course. Breen said very offhand that he had an old piece of gold brocade kicking round the studio; it looked startlingly new when it came. Cintha made the dress evenings, by a pattern that mysteriously came too.

The gown was molten, newly poured, and it lay in a puddle of train about her feet. The fullness was gathered under the breasts and dragged back tight; below, the clinging fabric had the subtlety of brush strokes, sweeping down from the childish waist to the tips of gold sandals. She carried her head high. She was a new Cintha, tall and tense. She looked dazzling—and dazzled. Vickery guessed right then that the plan would never work.

"Miss Caldron wants you, Cintha."

"Of course she wants her," said Breen impatiently. "Everybody wants Cintha. Everybody can't have her."

"True," said Vickery.

For an instant their looks crossed, as cold and bare as blades. Under the blades the truth lay beating. The moment passed. Cintha and Breen were walking down the aisle to their box. And heads were turning. And Vickery was alone.

The amateur night's performance was no better and little worse than most things of its kind. The audience was tolerant, applauding the intention, not the act. Vickery did not look much at the stage. He was watching Breen's high head bending down to Cintha, the shape of Cintha's shoulder against Breen's coat.

The last note of the Glee Club tolled like a bell. It was time for Breen Standard's sketches.

"With your permission," Breen said, "I will choose my own subjects."

Breen worked swiftly, positively. The figures rose, miraculous, on the easel, and took compelling form. They were quick, crude pastel sketches but he drew with perception and fidelity. And he drew the one line too much which changed the whole. He drew Miss Caldron, tiptoe to to her high note, with corkscrew curls shaken awry to show scars where her face was lifted. He drew Miss Bumphrey, a song of grace, and the outlines blurred with the shake of flesh. He drew old Tillingwist with lichens on his shoulders. He worked with a pitiless dexterity. He pinned the portraits to the shawls. Vickery wondered what Miss Annis Peabody would say about the pin holes.

Vickery knew then that it was no use. He had thought.... What had he thought exactly? That Breen would betray himself. That he would show qualities that Cintha could not love. It was Vickery who was betrayed. Breen was too clever.

Vickery glanced again at Cintha. Cintha was so rapt that she did not sense his movement. You saw, he realized, what you looked for. Cintha saw Breen's cleverness without his cruelty. She loves him, then, he thought.

He heard his own name called.

Vickery stood very still against the shawl where Breen had placed him. He had known this was coming. It did not make it easier not to straighten his tie, not to feel for cobwebs in his hair. It did not make it easier to see the small half-smile with which Breen watched his work. Vickery looked past him toward the audience. That helped. The footlights blazed in his eyes, and he could not see Cintha. But he knew where she was. He stood staring at Cintha in the dark.

HOW TO PROMOTE A GO-TO-CHURCH CAMPAIGN

This is the title of a splendid booklet which has just come to our desk. The booklet outlines in detail, not a theoretical campaign, but one which was actually carried out and proved successful. By special arrangement with the author we will be glad to send you a copy upon receipt of 5c in stamps to cover postage. Address Editor, Christian Herald, 419-4th Ave., New York City, N. Y.

"Miss Cintha Carven," Breen was calling.

Vickery was back in the empty box, and Cintha was standing where he had stood and Breen Standard was painting her. She stood tall, with her head high, and the gold gown running down her body. She was looking straight at Breen. Vickery could not bear the sweet, reckless acceptance in her face. He looked at his own picture.

Vickery's picture looked unnaturally tall and thin. The shawls made three panels, and the middle panel was done narrow and shrunken. It was the likeness of a narrow life, crowded with small, misshapen details, and an academic procession for a border, treading gravely on its own heels in endless round-and-roundness. So much Vickery had expected. What he had not expected was the face. Breen Standard had caught him in that unguarded moment when he looked down at Cintha. It was all there—the shadowed mouth and the shadowed eyes, loose and lonely, without pride, forever possessed. Breen had drawn that look with a horrible fidelity. He had drawn naked love. Vickery put his head down in his hands.

When he looked again, Breen was just finishing the picture of Cintha. It was like Cintha, tall and golden, with her lovely eagerness; her hands lifted, palms outward at her sides. Breen had drawn her without foreground, as if she stepped across a threshold. The background was Vickery's in reverse. The middle panel was wide, wound in rainbow hues of pomp and glory; the narrow grey panels at the sides were dim.

"That will be all," Breen Standard said, and pinned it up with the others.

It was over then. They were all standing up and singing the National Anthem. And then Cintha was pouring punch, and everyone was crowding round.

They were thronging up to the platform then, to see the pictures closer. Vickery went with them. Cintha came last, when everyone was served. The others made way for her in unconscious homage. The footlights fell full upon her. Vickery would have known then if he had not known before. It was in her face, a clear enchantment. Vickery had glimpsed it that day at Farragut's Head. This was different, because there was awareness in it. Women can only look like that when they acknowledge their love.

She walked straight to Breen Standard. "May I have the picture?"

"You liked it?" said Breen.

"It's beautiful," said Cintha simply.

"I'll get it for you," Breen said.

Cintha was before him. She took down the picture of Vickery.

Cintha was waiting in the car when Vickery came out. She had pulled up the gold skirt to keep it off the floor, and the collar of her old black coat was hunched about her ears. "Breen is taking the family home," she said. "He has a heater."

"Oh," said Vickery. He slipped in under the wheel. "Six hundred," he said awkwardly. "That ought to last till spring."

"Good," said Cintha. "In the spring we'll have a garden party."

"It won't go so well, with you in New York."

"I'm not going to New York," said Cintha. The car jerked and stalled. "I can't give the family so much, but I can look after them. Vickery, be careful of the picture."

Vickery drew a roll from his pocket. It was the golden picture of Cintha. "I didn't mean that picture," Cintha said. "I meant mine. Where did you get that?"

"I bought it," said Vickery. "Don't you like it?"

"It's pretty," said Cintha. "But it doesn't look like me. You know—I can't help pitying Breen."

"Pitying him?" said Vickery.

"He hasn't any friends," said Cintha somberly. "He never will have. He'll only have success. Vickery, what are you going to do with your picture?"

"I thought it would be nice over the mantel," said Vickery.

"Our mantel?" said Cintha. "I was going to hang mine there."

Vickery kissed her then, wildly, matching his desire. Cintha kissed him back. Her hair came down and blew against his face. Other cars passed and were gone, and the snow and the stars were still. Cintha was still in Vickery's arms. When she spoke, the words were warm with breath against his lips.

"Is this heaven?" said Cintha.

"Yes," said Vickery. "This is Cintha."

The County Fair

An Old American Institution

WHEN the harvests are in, and wild asters foam along the roadways—when the sweet, hazy smoke of leaf fires blends with the cidery smell of ripe apples—that is the time when millions of Americans start out for the County Fair.

INTO farm trucks and wagons, in the back seats of flivvers, carry-alls and buggies are piled incredible outsize vegetables—cornstalks, pumpkins and gourds. Wrapped in wet newspapers are "bokays" from the farmhouse gardens—feathery golden mums and velvety dahlias, huge as cabbages. Crocheted doilies are hopefully ticketed along with patchwork quilts and rows of tatting.

WHAT a flurry there is in the kitchen as the thirteen-egg Angel Food Cake goes into the box—along with the rich, chocolate-frosted Devil's Food, red-brown as a new furrow! More than likely there will be marble cakes, too, and cookies, bread and rolls, still exhaling the sweet warmth of the oven. And row upon row of glistening jars filled with tantalizing pickles, preserves and relishes to arouse the hunger of all beholders.

WITHIN the past 70 years the name of Heinz and the trade-mark "57 Varieties" have become as much a part of the American scene as our County Fair and our goldenrod. We of Heinz know well the spirit of the County Fair, for we understand the thrill of making plain things into prize-winning delicacies.

SINCE the beginning of our business we've tried to do things better than our neighbors. We've fussed over the important little things; and, like a good cook, we've never been quite satisfied. We're always trying to do a little better—adding a magic touch of flavor here and there.

ALL our foods—crisp green pickles, spicy mincemeat, oven-baked beans, old-fashioned ketchup, clear and sparkling vinegar, and soups that feel at home in old-fashioned tureens—are truly home-tasting favorites. Made the finest modern way from treasured old home recipes, these foods are fit to win prizes at any County Fair—or approval on the tables of the nation.

IT makes us very proud to have folks like our 57 Varieties. We certainly extend every possible effort to keep them the finest in all the world—and for over 70 years now we've been winning the cherished prize award of confidence from families just like yours.

57

H. J. Heinz Company

An Old American Institution

(Continued from page 32)

"Then you've heard the gossip about priests?" inquired William. "It is rumored that Governor Simpson is asking that as many Catholic priests be sent in here, under control of the Company, as there are Protestant missionaries."

"That settles it!" cried Marcus. "You'd better take Narcissa's suggestion, William."

"I'd take a harder trip than that to get away from our dear Brother Spalding. He and I don't agree on anything."

In the morning Gray hurried away to join Ermatinger.

Only a trip to the North Pole is comparable, today, to the journey he was so lightly undertaking.

The weather on the Walla Walla continued to moderate, and by the end of January Marcus started his plowing. The Indians, too, began to drift back with the warmer days, and Marcus started to hold Sunday services for them again. For the present Narcissa took no part in these. As little by little the deserted village returned to life, Narcissa watched the smoke appear from the tops of the different lodges, with a curious lack of excitement. As the time drew near for her confinement, all her concern over the machinations of the Hudson's Bay Company dropped from the foreground of her thought. The Pambruns came out to see her several times, and Madam Pambrun undertook to stay with Narcissa, as nurse and companion, for a week before and a week after the baby's birth. In fact the arrival of the first white child born in the Oregon country was awaited with keen interest by all that isolated countryside. Dr. McLoughlin sent fresh apples to tempt Narcissa's appetite. Governor Simpson sent an exquisitely tanned beaver coat for Narcissa herself. The Cayuse who lived at Waii-lat-pu showed an unexpected interest in the event. Old Umtippe forgot his sulks and announced that this child would be known as the Little White Cayuse, and would be adopted by the tribe.

The baby came on the fourteenth of March. It was a little girl; an exceptionally fine specimen of babyhood. She looked like her mother, in coloring and features, and had the unusual stature and strength of both parents. They named her Alice Clarissa, after her two grandmothers. And on the third day, Narcissa was so well that the Doctor allowed her to have visitors.

Umtippe, who had been kept out only by the new barred door which Marcus had completed in January, was the first caller. He wore all his usual regalia, with the addition of a huge buffalo robe over his shoulders, and a headdress of buffalo horns superimposed on the white horse's tail. He lifted the baby from Madam Pambrun's arms and gave her a thorough examination. This done, he grunted approbation, cleared his throat, and holding Alice Clarissa in the crook of his arm he delivered an address of welcome.

"The Little White Cayuse is here! All the people expected her. All the tribe is pleased that a white child is born on its land. All the chiefs will visit her and talk. But I, when she grows up, will give her land and horses and make her rich."

He laid the baby on the bed and stalked out, as abruptly as he had entered.

All the chiefs, and indeed, it seemed to the weary Narcissa, all the braves and squaws too, did visit the baby during the next week. It was astonishing to observe their interest. The adulation they offered the child was something to ponder on. It convinced Narcissa, more than ever, that Indian character was more complex than the other missionaries had dreamed it could be.

The baby was two weeks old when Umtippe made his second visit. He walked in as Narcissa was just lifting the baby from her bath. With a harsh exclamation he snatched Alice Clarissa from her mother, rolled her in the tail of his blanket, and clasped her to his breast.

"You will kill the child!" he cried, "and the spirits will punish my tribe!"

By a supreme effort of will Narcissa

ARE YOU GOING TO SELECT AN ARCHITECT?

If your church building or remodeling project is at the point where you are ready to consider the selection of an architect write us for the list of architects in your vicinity who are members of the Church Architectural Guild. All architects who are members of the guild are experienced in church design and construction. Such experience is your only protection against costly mistakes. Consultation or eventual engagement of a guild architect does not necessarily eliminate your local architect—nor will it increase the architect's fee for your job. Address Church Planning Dept., Christian Herald, 419 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.

did not move. "Give her back to me at once!" she demanded. "There are no spirits. God sent the baby to me."

Umtippe looked down at the screaming child. "She is a gift to the Cayuse tribe," he grunted.

"Unless you let me care for my baby, the way God taught me," she retorted, "I shall not teach her to sing."

This, obviously, was a new idea to the chief. He stood holding the baby in his dirty blanket, unmoved by the sobs that were rending Narcissa's heart. After long communion with himself, he laid the infant back in Narcissa's arms.

"If you kill her," he warned, "the Cayuse will punish you."

"If I am not good to her," returned Narcissa, "God will punish me." And she proceeded to wash the baby again.

Until the middle of April each morning saw old Umtippe, with a friend or a visiting chief, solemnly watching Narcissa bathe her daughter. She dared not arouse his antagonism, so his intrusion lasted until the camas harvest opened in midspring. Then the whole tribe scattered over the plains to gather the succulent lily bulb, and for a little while Narcissa was relieved of the old chief's presence.

The tribe was gone nearly a month, and a great quiet reigned at Waii-lat-pu. Marcus finished the planting of some twenty acres of wheat and corn and made his garden patch. Narcissa spent long hours out of doors, working on her Cayuse grammar, the baby in its cradle beside her. The plains were a rich green, spangled with flowers of every hue. The willows and the cottonwoods by the river were filled with singing birds. The twenty acres that Marcus had planted began to show a fuzz of green and the garden showed orderly emerald rows.

Narcissa was sitting thus one lovely April afternoon when, without warning, Governor Simpson rode through the gate. He dismounted as Narcissa rose to greet him. He took both her hands, and bowed low.

"Ah, there's the baby! By Jove, that's a fine child! She looks like you, Madam. I am glad of that—" straightening himself abruptly to gaze at Narcissa, who in the simple print frock she had made for herself, seemed to him as impressive as she had in broadcloth and silk.

"I may not stay more than an hour," said the Governor. "Monique has orders to leave Fort Walla Walla at daybreak, for the Fraser River."

"Marcus will want to see you, Governor. He will be back very soon. If you will rest here, I will make you a cup of tea." She pointed to the seat she had just vacated.

Simpson's eyes rested on her slender hand. It was already roughened by hard work. "You have no servant," he said.

"Even if I had one," replied Narcissa, "I'd like to serve your tea myself."

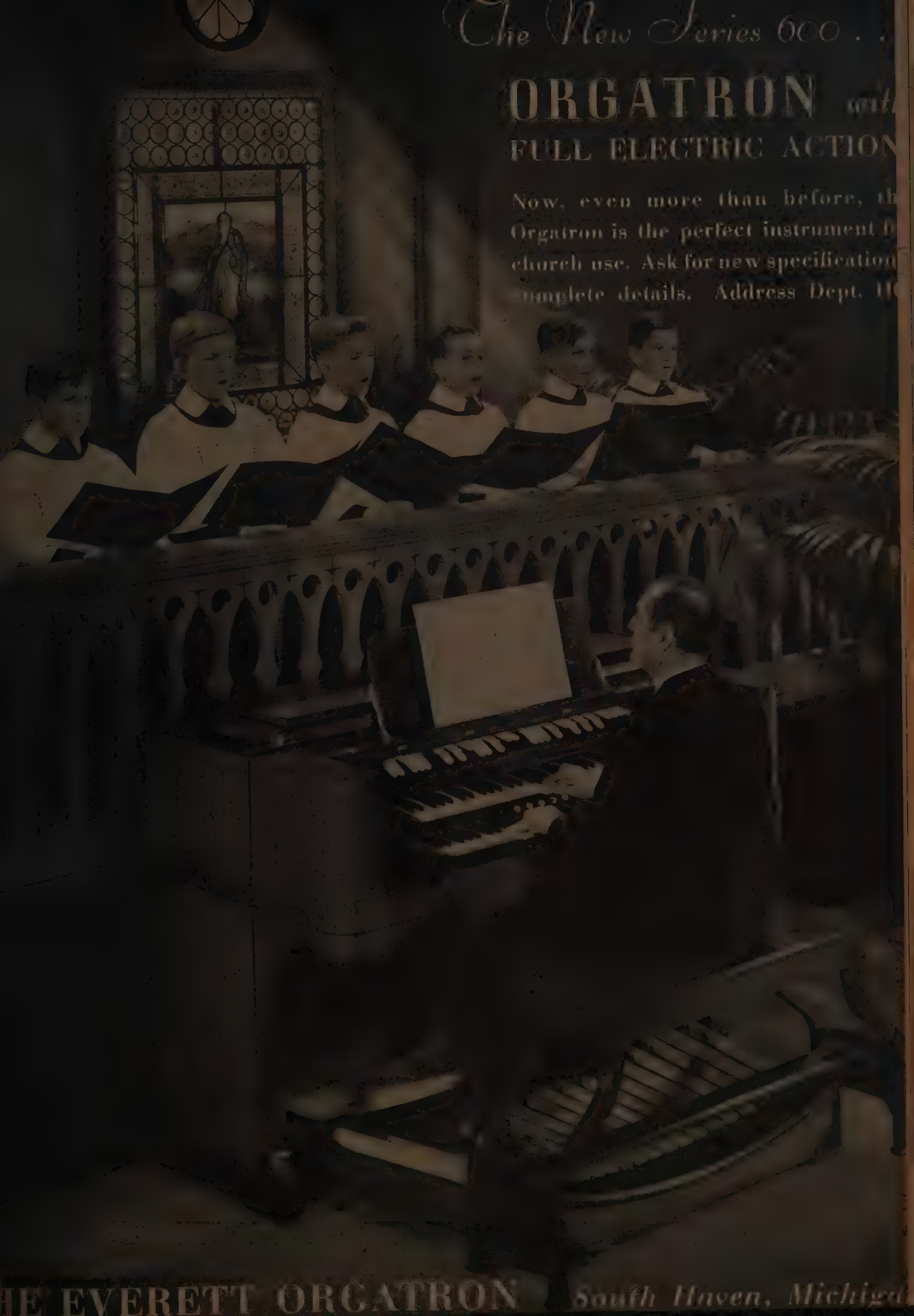
The Governor's cold eyes lighted with warmth. He returned Narcissa's smile and went to put his horse in the corral. When he came back, she had toast and tea waiting for him and had brought out a second seat. There was a moment of silence, then the Governor said:

"I have asked McLoughlin to send a young girl here for your care. She is, I believe, about sixteen, though she looks twelve. She is a half-breed. Her mother was a chief's daughter, a woman of fire and poetry. This girl, who would be looked upon as an outcast by most white women, will in a few years have a great influence with the tribes of Rupert's Land. If she learns how to meet white people of position, she will become invaluable to the Hudson's Bay Company. Please send a bill for her board and tuition, each quarter, to the chief clerk, at Fort Vancouver."

"Of course I will be glad to do what I can for the child, not only because of friendship for you, but because the money will be most welcome. What language does she speak?"

"French and several Indian dialects. Madam"—leaning toward Narcissa with bitterness in his voice—"she has been

(Turn to page 48)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(Continued from page 46)

grossly neglected and ill-treated. Life is not fair to such as that!"

"Life," replied Narcissa, "as nearly as I can understand, was not planned to be fair. It was designed to discipline the soul for some great end of God's."

"You are a Puritan!" he exclaimed. "How can you, who are an artist to your fingertips, embrace the bleak tenets of such a faith?"

"But after all is my faith more bleak than your hard philosophy?"

"Hard?" The Governor looked astonished.

"Yes, so they tell me. And I have learned for myself that you are ruthless."

"Ruthless? Madam, if I were ruthless I'd be Lochinvar at this moment." His eyes, fixed on Narcissa's, were deep with pain.

She held his gaze for a moment, then deliberately lifted her baby from the cradle and held it in her arms, crooning softly a silly, pathetic little lullaby.

"Rock-a-by, baby, on the tree top—"

He listened, his stern face softening indescribably. When she stopped, with a single verse, he said:

"And I've never heard you sing before! Will you not, dear Madam Whitman, sing to your child and me? Something that I can carry away with me? Perhaps that 'Poor Exile of Erin' of which Miles Goodyear talks so much."

Narcissa, a strong hand gently patting the sleeping baby, looked at him with a smile that was so tender, so patient, that he wondered if she were not thinking rather of the baby than of him. Then the rounded, lovely notes floated out on the quiet air:

"There came to the shore a poor exile of Erin,
The dew on his mantle was heavy and chill—"

Simpson leaned back in his crude chair, his arms folded before him. Heaven knows, it was an unforgettable picture; the exquisite outlines of Mount Hood, so evanescently blue that one could not always be sure which was the Oregon sky and which was mountain peak; the crude mud cabin, the cradle with its covering of fur, and the woman in the blue print dress, with the sleeping child on her knees, singing the simple little ballad as he knew many a prima donna would have been glad to sing it.

He sat silent a long while after the last note had died down, then said, suddenly:

"I'm glad you have the child!" He looked at his watch. "But I must be away at once!"

"But yonder comes Marcus," she objected. "Can't you wait for him? He's not more than a mile away."

"I'll ride up and greet him. I cannot wait longer." He took Narcissa's hand between both his own. "Dear Madam Whitman, I have been both rebuked and sustained, fed in body and soul, this afternoon. How can I thank you?" Then after a moment, "I don't know when we shall meet again, Narcissa. I shall not forget you and your little child here, with only Mount Hood to guard you. Good-bye! God be wi' ye, my dear!"

He turned and strode to the corral.

Narcissa stood beside the cradle watching him gallop across the plains. She watched him stop before Marcus and watched while they held a little parley; watched the Governor lift his beaver hat and turn, watched him gallop away, out of sight, down the west trail, then watched Marcus, a tiny moving figure leading a horse that, she knew, dragged a great log behind it. How lonely it was! How very lonely!

It was the day after the Governor's visit that Compo reported to the Doctor that many of the Cayuse were ill of a violent bowel trouble. Compo was eager for Marcus to attend the sick people, but for several days Umtippe would not permit this, and the *te-wat* (medicine man) worked with rattle and incantation day and night. Then Umtippe's favorite wife was laid low, and the *te-wat* was unable to relieve her. When she had been in agony for twenty-four hours, the old chief came to the cabin. The Whitmans were at dinner.

"Come and see my squaw!" he ordered. "If she dies, I will kill you and the *te-wat* too."

Marcus rose. "This is my chance to compete with the baby and your voice for a hold on the Indians," he declared with a smile, and followed Umtippe.

A GOOD SUMMER!

Through the thoughtfulness and generosity of its friends, Mont Lawn has had a good summer: our work for the children of the city's tenements has been something of which you and we can be proud. The most exciting part of our work has been watching the increased interest and contributions of the children throughout the whole United States. Little children in Vacation Bible Classes, S. S. groups, Christian Endeavorers, Missionary classes, Junior Boys and Girls, have either worked to raise money or made sacrifices so that they could help the less fortunate children of the city's poor. A healthy sign for the future America.

Thanks, kind friends of little children, may *you* know the joy your gifts brought to others.

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The squaw lay on a heap of dried grass in Umtippe's lodge. When Marcus knelt beside her to make his examination, the *te-wat* stalked out, with an angry snort. The woman gave Marcus a look of abject terror, but Umtippe, watching the Doctor's every motion, barked an order at her and she uttered no protest.

The squaw was suffering from an acute indigestion, caused, Marcus thought, by gorging on the camas root.

All the skill that the Doctor possessed, all his courage, all his faith—and he possessed much of all three—he devoted to fighting the poison with which the pitiful little brown body was drenched. At the end of twenty-four hours he looked up at the watching Umtippe.

"She's in a natural sleep," he said. "The fever is gone. She will live. Let her sleep as long as she will." And, staggering with weariness, he left the lodge and returned to the anxious Narcissa. Weary as he was, he was more exhilarated than his wife had seen him for weeks.

"We can begin to save their souls, now that I've begun to save their bodies," he exclaimed as he dropped on his bed and went instantly to sleep.

The next morning, while Narcissa and Marcus were at breakfast, Umtippe walked in on them. His wife was nearly well, he announced, but his brother, the war chief, was now sick, and the Doctor must come at once. Marcus groaned, but hurried after the old despot. However, at the door of the war chief's lodge, Umtippe's despotism ceased to function. His brother would have none of the white doctor.

"The white medicine man wants you," said the *te-wat*.

"Get him out of here!" howled the war chief. Marcus, not without relief, returned to his breakfast.

All day the rattle and the hoarse chant sounded from the war chief's lodge. But at sunset both sounds ceased, and a figure rushed from the lodge and appeared breathless before the Whitmans, who were seated in their doorway. It was the *te-wat*.

"Tell me how you cure them!" he panted. "Tell me or Umtippe will follow the custom and kill me!"

"How is the war chief?" inquired Marcus.

"Only your God can save him now," groaned the *te-wat*. "Speak to your God, quickly!"

Marcus rose to fetch his medicine case. But he was spared making the professional call, for a tall figure, with a great buffalo robe over the shoulders, strode resolutely through the sunset glow, across the field of wheat, through the garden, and up the dooryard. The *te-wat*, sensing the approach in Whitman's apprehensive eyes, turned to look. Umtippe was upon him. And before he could raise a hand to protect himself, the chief brought his tomahawk down on the man's bare head.

"My brother, the war chief, is dead," said Umtippe, calmly.

(To be continued.)

Note: This story is an abridged version of Mrs. Morrow's novel published under the title, "We Must March." It is reproduced in Christian Herald through an arrangement with her publishers, William Morrow & Co.

Copyright 1925 by Honoré Morrow

"The worst fight I ever had with my wife"

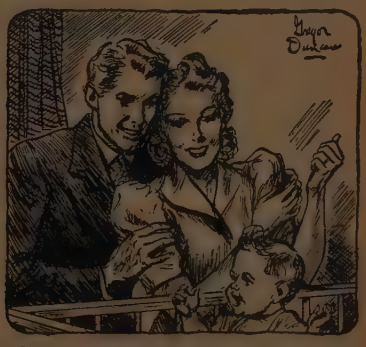
1. My wife came from a rich family. I came from a poor one. And we got along swell . . . that is, until the baby came.

2. Then Peggy's ritzy upbringing started to tell. She spoiled the baby from morning till night. You never saw as many special gadgets as she bought for that child. Finally one day I blew up and we had it out.

3. "Look here," I said to Peggy, "I'm fed up on this namby-pamby stuff! I don't want my boy to grow up to be a sissy. You're going too far with all this special powder, special food, special this, special that, and above all that special laxative."

4. "Wait a minute—you're acting like a fool," Peggy came right back: "that special laxative for the baby is what the doctor ordered. He says a baby's delicate system is different from an adult's, and shouldn't get an adult's laxative."

5. "That's why I'm giving the baby Fletcher's Castoria. It's designed especially for children. It has no harsh, 'adult' drugs and works mainly in the lower bowel, so it isn't likely to disturb the appetite, or cause nausea. The doctor said he couldn't recommend a better laxative than Fletcher's Castoria."



6. "And listen, Jim, you know our son is cranky about taking *any* medicine. Well, does he go for the swell taste of Fletcher's Castoria! He loves it. I don't know what I'd do without Fletcher's Castoria in the house." (That's the end of the story . . . except we haven't had a cat-and-dog fight since!)

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FROM A GARDEN NOTE BOOK

By Donald H. Kingery

☆ ☆ ☆

IT MUST have been before I was born that the folks divided the home place in the valley into two farms and sold one. The apple orchard was on the part that was sold, but our family retained the right to the apples from twenty-eight trees across the south end of the orchard. So that is how it was that when October came, my brother and I would go across the field to this old orchard of an evening to get apples to take to school in our dinner bucket the next day.

Looking back through the years, those apples stand out as one of the most vivid pictures in my memory. Another picture though is the chrysanthemums that mother used to have and that grandmother used to grow beside the outside door to the cellar. These would come in bloom along in October. Doubtless I didn't attach as much importance to them in boyhood days as I do now.

Those were the old-fashioned mums, just a few primary colors of red, yellow, pink and white, that bloomed so late some years that like as not they were caught by the frost before they were fairly out. It makes a startling contrast to see the assortment of mums we have in our gardens now, that bloom early, that present an endless pageant of myriad colors and blends. Or so it seems. It is this pageant that makes October such a welcome garden month.

THERE is plenty of work about the lawn and garden in October to keep my wife and I puttering around, but we take our time about it and don't take the work too seriously. There is no rush and there's plenty of time to enjoy everything.

Until such time as frost comes, some of the annual flowers are at their best, notably the marigolds, the zinnias and the snapdragons. If there have been rains, often nasturtiums and calendulas take a new lease on life. If the old faded blooms are snipped off, the plants look neater and new bloom is hastened. Around the Gulf of Mexico country, October is the time that gardeners begin the sowing of annual seeds for bloom that will be wanted before January is over.

I CAN tell right now, as I write these notes, that one of the choicest things in my garden this October will be the new Cynoglossum, named Firmament. If Cynoglossum is too much of a word, Chinese forget-me-not is a good common name for this rich blue flower, the individual blooms of which do resemble the forget-me-not. This new variety, Firmament, is more dwarf than the older types, has more blooms that are on more compact heads.

THE wise rose lover keeps right on spraying or dusting for blackspot all through autumn. In these days when there is heavy dew, often rains, and fairly hot temperature during the middle of the day, blackspot thrives. It is the diseased leaves and canes in the fall that carry the disease through winter to reinfest the roses of a season to come.

FROM early September on, in the northern half of the country, it is well not to do any cultivating around shrubbery, evergreens, roses or young trees. The reason is that during the fall, plants should not be encouraged to grow but should be allowed to stop growth and harden up for winter.

THIS past summer I went on a journey in early June, when peonies were making their belated bloom, and I saw, as I have noticed many times before, that so few lawns have any wide selection of peony varieties. All too many have just two or three sorts. Yet there are so many fine peonies. I mention this because October is an ideal month for setting out new peonies.

If you are unfamiliar with peony varieties, Jules Elie and Judge Berry are favorite pinks. Cherry Hill, Richard Carvel, Carl Rosenfeld and Philippe Rivoire are good reds. Among the good whites are Festiva Maxima, Ball O'Cotton, Avalanche and Le Cygne. Two good Japanese ones are Mikado and Isani Gidui.

I wish more people would pay more attention to growing peonies. It is one of the showiest of all garden flowers.

A good peony division to plant is one that has three to five or six eyes. I like to dig a rather large hole and set the division in it in such way that these eyes will be about two inches below the ground level. A peony planted too deeply under ground may not bloom.

WEATHER determines to some extent my garden work this month. If it turns rainy and cloudy toward the end of the month, I sometimes begin the fall work of renovating and making over my perennial beds and borders. If weather stays dry and sunny, such work is put off until the rains do come, even if I must wait until November.

But whenever I do this renovating work, lifting old clumps to reset them, spading up bare spots to make ready to move in new plants later and the like, it is something that goes better if I do it gradually, after each move has been pondered over. So I take advantage of any period of suitable weather and work away leisurely at a task I really enjoy.

(Continued from page 43)

45 minutes. Yield: 50 servings.

Note: Two No. 2 cans of cream of mushroom soup may be substituted for the white sauce and mushrooms if desired. If the substitution is made, add grated cheese in layers with other ingredients.

Good to the bottom of the bowl is this one-dish meal of savory spaghetti, mingled with tiny meat balls in tomato sauce thick with canned mushrooms. It is a recipe from the Church Housekeeping Bureau—for good measure, for good luck.

HAMBURGER MUSHROOM BALLS WITH SPAGHETTI

6 lbs. ground beef
6 lbs. ground veal
24 slices bread, cut 1-inch thick
Salt, pepper
12 onions, chopped fine
6 (8 oz.) cans sliced mushrooms
Flour
¾ cup shortening
6 qts. canned tomatoes
6 pkgs. spaghetti

Mix beef and veal with bread, which has been soaked in water and squeezed dry. Season with salt, pepper and half the chopped onion. Drain canned mushrooms from liquid and add 1½ cups mushrooms to meat mixture; add sufficient mushroom liquid to moisten meat. Shape into small round balls and roll these in flour. Heat butter or shortening in skillet, add remaining onion, chopped, and remaining canned sliced mushrooms. Brown slightly; add meat balls and brown, turning often. Add tomoatoes, and season to taste. Simmer slowly, covered, ½ to ¾ of an hour. Cook spaghetti in boiling salted water until tender, rinse in hot water; drain. Serve mushroom hamburger balls over hot spaghetti, allowing 2 or 3 meat balls for each serving. Sprinkle with grated cheese, if desired. Yield: 50 servings.

SALMON CHOWDER PIE

1½ cups chopped onion
1½ cups fat
1½ cups flour
1½ quarts water drained from cooked vegetables
3 quarts milk
2 tablespoons salt
¾ teaspoon pepper
2¼ qts. cooked diced potatoes
1½ qts. cooked sliced carrots
1¼ qts. cooked peas
6 one lb. cans salmon
1 recipe all-bran buttermilk biscuits

Simmer onion in fat until tender. Add flour; stir to smooth paste. Add vegetable water and milk slowly; cook until thickened. Add seasonings, vegetables and drained, flaked and boned salmon. Pour into large greased baking dishes, cover with unbaked all-bran biscuits or all-bran biscuit dough rolled to fit dish. Prick well and bake in moderately hot oven (425 degrees F.) about 20 minutes or until biscuits are done. Yield: 50 servings.

ALL-BRAN BUTTERMILK BISCUITS

2 cups all-bran
3 cups buttermilk
6 cups flour
1½ tablespoons baking powder
2 teaspoons baking soda
1½ tablespoons salt
1½ cups shortening

Soak all-bran in buttermilk 2 hours. Sift flour, baking powder, soda and salt together. Cut in shortening until mixture is like coarse cornmeal. Add soaked all-bran; stir until dough follows fork around bowl. Turn onto floured board; knead lightly a few seconds; roll or pat to ½-inch thickness and cut with floured cutter. Bake on salmon mixture as directed. Yield: 48 biscuits (2 1/12 inches in diameter).

THE DOCTOR HELPS JACK
I'M WORRIED ABOUT JACK'S SCHOOL WORK. THE TEACHER SAYS HE'S LISTLESS AND INATTENTIVE!
THE BOY DOESN'T SEEM TO FEEL WELL ... AND HE HASN'T BEEN SLEEPING WELL, EITHER!
SCRAM UP TO YOUR ROOM! WHY STICK AROUND AND LISTEN TO THEM CRITICIZE YOU?
MR. COFFEE-NERVES
WE'LL HAVE TO FIND OUT WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT BOY! WHY DON'T YOU TAKE HIM TO SEE THE DOCTOR?
ALL RIGHT, I'LL DO IT TOMORROW!
DON'T LET 'EM TAKE YOU TO ANY DOCTOR! HAVE A TANTRUM—KICK UP AN AWFUL FUSS!
WHY—THIS SOUNDS LIKE COFFEE-NERVES TO ME. BUT SURELY YOU'RE NOT LETTING THIS BOY DRINK COFFEE.
BUT, DOCTOR—I DIDN'T KNOW—I'VE ALWAYS FELT THAT HE NEEDED A HOT DRINK.
OF COURSE, YOU NEED A HOT DRINK! AND TELL 'EM ANOTHER THING YOU NEED IS TO BE LET ALONE!
A HOT DRINK IS VERY BENEFICIAL, PROVIDED IT'S THE RIGHT KIND. TRY POSTUM-MADE-WITH-HOT-MILK.
ALL RIGHT, I'LL TRY IT...IF YOU THINK THE CHANGE WILL HELP HIM.
CURSES! I WAS AFRAID OF THAT! NOW I'LL HAVE TO BEAT IT!
LATER
JACK, YOUR WORK SHOWS REMARKABLE IMPROVEMENT LATELY! YOU'LL SOON BE OUR STAR PUPIL AT THIS RATE!
MOTHER SAYS IT'S BECAUSE I'VE BEEN FEELING SO MUCH BETTER SINCE I SWITCHED TO POSTUM!

CHILDREN should *never* drink coffee. And while many adults can drink it without any ill effects, many others should never drink it.

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So if coffee upsets you, drink Postum, instead. And then, even in two short weeks, see if your nerves aren't steadier . . . see if you don't feel better—thanks to switching to Postum.

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(Continued from page 26)

The methods which Doctor Black will use in this crusade for a greater Church will be the same as those he has used for more than twenty years in his own campaigns. Supper will be served to the laymen workers in groups of 500 men, on four consecutive evenings. Doctor Black or one of his assistants will have charge of each group. The suppers begin promptly at 6:15, and close as promptly, at 7:10, at which time the men will begin their evening of calling. From the moment that the men arrive for the supper, everything is done with clock-like regularity and military precision. Black knows what is in the hearts of the men. They are afraid. In a few minutes they will be doing something that tests the courage of the stoutest heart. The prospect of entering a man's home and asking the family to accept Christ and join the Church is enough to frighten anyone, and much more a group of 500 men who have never done it before.

Until five minutes before the end of the supper hour, the men have not yet learned where they are to go, lest advance notice of the families they are to visit give them time to become still more afraid. Promptly at 7:05, the pastors distribute the assignment cards for the evening's work, and at 7:10, the men are on their way. As they leave, Guy Black's final words are: "When you walk on your first porch and reach out for the bell, the little courage you have may entirely fail you. You will find yourself in need of a strength and power which is not in you. That is the time to pray." Black's warning is usually quite superfluous. At such a time, even for the most experienced vacuum cleaner salesman who is accustomed to ringing doorbells, there is nothing to do but pray. One is very humble, and not a little nervous.

One of the team will swallow hard and push the bell, while the other prays without words. Both know that this visit may change the destiny of an entire family. Then the wife, perhaps, comes to the door and ushers the two visitors into the front room, wondering as she calls the family what these two men have to sell. The family enters, introductions are made, and the tension mounts as someone attempts conversation about the weather or the startling news that has just come over the radio. How can the callers, who have never been able to talk about matters of religion, do the job they have come to do? Words fail them. Only the fact that two of them are in this fix together saves them from near panic. Finally, just at the moment when the conversation threatens to take the line of least resistance and degenerate into a mere social call, one of the team stammers and blurts out, "We have come to ask you people to join our church. We need you, and want you with us."

Then it happens. The head of the house does not throw the callers out for their impertinence. Nor does he, except in rare cases, criticize the church or religion. Instead, he is more likely to say nothing for a long moment, then smile in a most friendly manner, and surprise his guests by saying, "Do you know, we have lived in this town for four years, and this is the first time anyone has asked us to come into their church? We attend church occasionally, but have not joined."

According to the experience of nearly one hundred thousand laymen during the twenty years of Doctor Black's career, there is one chance in two that a new team will come away from that first call with a card signed by the family that they profess their "faith in Jesus Christ and purpose with His help to lead a Christian life," and offering themselves for membership in a church. In fact, in the little city of Geneva, New York, where I was one of sixty-six laymen on Doctor Black's teams, we returned from the first night of calling with the signatures of fifty-eight per cent of those we called upon.

Perhaps I should not say "we," for my partner and I obtained no signatures the first night, nor the second. Yet we also "returned with joy" from those first nights of calling. My teammate, a busy executive of a manufacturing concern, had begged off from the job when our pastor asked him to sign up for it. "This is the most important task the church has ever asked you to do." "Yes, I know," he replied, "I'll do it. I'll help out on Monday night, at least." We started our calling on Monday night with doubts and fear. But after calling on three families with no tangible results, he turned to me and said, "This is great stuff. We've done some good work tonight even if we haven't signed up any. That first family we called upon will join. They do not rush into things, but when they do come it will mean much to them and to us. I never dreamed I could do this sort of work, but it's getting hold of me. It's worth while. Let's go out again tomorrow night."

Doctor Black's use of laymen in evangelism is strange in other respects besides in its highly successful results and its unique method. It is strange in the new kind of reaction which follows his campaigns and in the way they take the dollar sign out of evangelism.

Whether Black serves six churches in one week, as in Geneva, or a hundred as he did the following week in Baltimore, he charged the same amount, just enough to cover his traveling expenses and to provide him a net salary at the end of the year equal to that which he received in his last pastorate. Now that he is on the staff of the Federal Council, his cost to the churches is even less. They are asked only to pay for the literature they use. His services are free.

Equally fortunate for present-day evangelism is the reaction to his work after he has left a city. The reaction is one of stimulation rather than let-down. After he is gone, ministers and laymen feel inspired to increased effort. For example, on the first Sunday after Doctor Black left Geneva, my own pastor preached the first downright evangelical sermon I ever heard from him. It had the old-fashioned Methodist altar call and all. In that hour, five hundred worshipers were miraculously fused into one spirit. Apparently, Black's campaigns are scarcely over when the pastors feel the desire to tell their new members why they need the church and why the church needs them. And they can find no other way to tell it than by the old, old story of Christ crucified and Christ risen.

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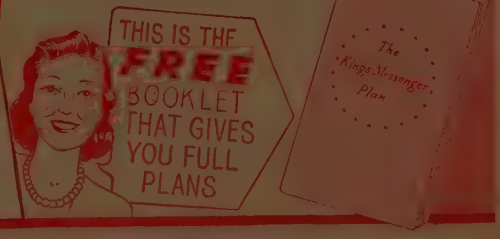

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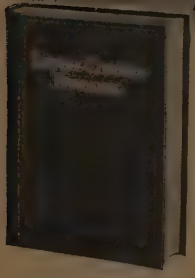

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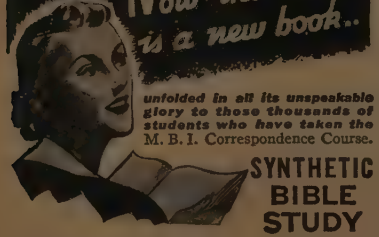

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The MOODY Bible Institute

(Continued from page 34)

the power to take care of that (threatened) three-quarters.

That's a pretty large order. Few of us could blame the "A. B. S." if it said, "We'll do what we can, but after all we can't do it all." That might be understandable—but it wouldn't be the American Bible Society. They are not pulling in their belts and diving into bomb-shelters "until things quiet down"—and until the Dutch Society, for instance, comes to life. They are staging one of the most inspiring pieces of work the world has seen since Wyclif died. And when this mad warring is done, some smart writer will have two great epics to write: the epic of the missionary standing by in the East, come slaughter, pain and death,—and the epic of the American Bible Society's effort to shoulder the Bible-burden of the whole world.

Glance at this plan of *additional* distribution laid out by A. B. S.: they will take the Scriptures and Scripture portions to. . . .

Refugees and evacués, of whom there are considerably more than 5,000,000 of all ages—French, Belgian, Dutch, Spanish, Czech, Russian, Polish, Hungarian, to name a few.

Soldiers, in the line and in rest camps and on the march, through their chaplains.

Prisoners of war, in Germany and elsewhere, in the concentration camps of Britain; to the men of France, Germany, England, Scotland, Holland, Belgium and Poland.

To wounded men and civilians in hospitals, spending long hours in pain and waiting.

And they will try to maintain the supply of Scriptures for the Dutch East Indies, to resuscitate and keep going the publication of French Scriptures by the Société Biblique de France, to ensure the constant supply of Scriptures for missions and mission churches and the multitudes of India and the Near East, in China, Japan and Malaysia, and in Africa and Latin America, and—just to make the job complete right here at home—to supply Testaments, through Chaplains, to the U. S. Army, Navy, Marine Corps and CCC Camps.

If that isn't a program, and a program conceived in high Christian courage at the world's darkest moment—then you tell me! I pray it may succeed—and I realize that there is something needed, in addition to prayer, to *make* it succeed. What is that? What can we do—what can I do?

Well, I can do at least this:

Get these facts clearly in mind and tell everyone I meet about it.

Get and distribute the special leaflet of the Bible Society (from headquarters, Park Avenue and 57th Street, New York) and copies of a letter which I can send to my friends and acquaintances, endorsing the Society's undertaking.

Share this article with anyone who can read.

If there is any more important crusade to be fought right now, I do not know of it. Let me say it again: when this Bible dies, the light of the whole world dies; when it dies anywhere in the world, when it fails to reach its readers, then the candle of God flickers low and threatens to go into a total blackout in that particular portion of the world.

The Bible, right now, is more than a Book of comfort; it is the message of the world's hope. It is not the dead story of what happened a thousand or ten thousand years ago; it is God's command as to what must happen tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow. Tomorrow's blueprints are there. And today is the hour when it must be taken with its immeasurable power and hope to the world's millions. Now!

Now, now, now, Everyman must help. Now, now, now we must prevent another world-wide crucifixion. Now, now, now we must stop this Bible blackout. For unless men find the road back to Galilee they will not find the way out of this chaos of blood. And that Galilean Way is locked tight in the pages of Holy Writ, waiting to be spread in the hearts of men. If it be not spread—what?

(Continued from page 37)

mit it or not, there is no one whit of change in the effect of alcohol on the human system, whether there is a change in our social customs or not. And quite irrespective of what they and their employers who make and sell liquor would like to be the case, the fact remains that there is a vast army of young people, as well as of older folks, who refuse to make any concessions in their attitude toward liquor. Anyone with the slightest knowledge of the way alcohol acts, knows that it is a dangerous accompaniment of young folks out for a good time. And it is especially dangerous when it is used at gatherings of young people.

We should not bring this discussion to a close without suggesting one more hazard, that may be a very insidious one, and that may be most serious. In the very natural and commendable wish to seem gay, and attractive, and sophisticated during the days of courtship, it is very easy for a man or a girl to forget to be quite as careful of standing up for the principles they really believe in, as they know they ought to do. It is easy to let the dubious joke, the wise crack with its two possible meanings—one all right, the other anything but defensible—get by.

Young people who realize the importance of starting off on the right foot, will be awake to the hazard of taking a lower standard before the crowd than the one they really hold. It is far easier to lower a standard than it is to raise one, once the crowd thinks it has a fellow or a girl placed. It is frequently anything but an easy thing to refuse to join in the laugh at the shady story, or to hold out against going to the questionable place or doing the doubtful thing.

But courtship is a time, among other things, to establish values. And young people who choose to take higher ground, even when it requires a bit of courage to go against the drift of the crowd, may be setting standards that will go with them through life, in the new relationship that so frequently springs from these early, unconsidered relationships. If you can't take God into the things you do, perhaps it wouldn't be such a bad thing not to do them at all.

(Continued from page 39)

down to watch the five Bennett girls find their destiny in the quiet surroundings of Victorian drawing rooms. It's very, very British sometimes (perhaps that's the reason it moves slowly but efficiently) but very, very amusing. Educational too, what with Aldous Huxley's dialogue and Actress Greer Garson's perfect diction. Laurence Olivier, for the sake of the record, is the snobbish scion who sneers haughtily at Miss Garson's lack of a coat of arms. Also, we might add, he capitulates, even as you will, to Greer's charms. Supporting players (competent all) include Edna May Oliver, Maureen O'Sullivan, Frieda Inescort and Melville Cooper.

Sorry we can't say the same of Warners' "The Sea Hawk." It's also a costume picture, but far removed from the quiet, intellectual sphere of "Pride and Prejudice." Supposed to cost $1,700,000 (we don't question Warners' auditing department after seeing the 2,000 extras at work throughout the film), the movie tells the story of the long and active life of Capt. Geoffrey Thorpe and tells it with much gunfire and shouting. Sea Hawk Thorpe saved the British Empire for Good Queen Bess (oh yes, there's a Fifth Columnist in the picture) by driving out the rats and sinking Spanish men-o'-war. Really not much of a story; it's all action and Errol Flynn's handsome profile. Claude Rains and Brenda Marshall are also around, but can't quite keep up the dizzy pace of Director Michael Curtiz who, during the past ten years, has made so many action pictures that he polished this one off as a grand finale.

It's really great, folks. "Foreign Correspondent" has everything a good movie should have in 1940. Which means an ample measure of intelligence and propaganda for democracy. We're giving our salute to Mr. Hitchcock right now; and also to Joel McCrea, Laraine Day, George Sanders, Edmund Gwenn, and Robert Benchly for superb performances. Don't miss it, please.

We are not in a position to say whether the recent charges of Communism in Hollywood are true, but we are sure that Columbia's "He Stayed for Breakfast" has aroused the ire of the Stalin proteges along Sunset Boulevard. It's good comedy, this Alexander Hall-directed film, and at the same time social satire with a painful lesson for those who once imagined Communism a solution for the world's many ills. Painful indeed to Melvyn Douglas who becomes in rapid order (reading from left to right) a rabble rouser, foreign agent, confused liberal, happy lover and loyal democrat. These transitions are aided by the lovely Loretta Young who shields the radical Melvyn from the police and convinces him, ultimately of the benefits of individualism. The script is full of good lines and both Mr. Douglas and Miss Young (not forgetting Una Merkel's fluttery maid) are excellent as a comedy team. However, we still wait Hollywood's presentation of a satire on Communism which can be appreciated by the entire family. This one is very, very adult.

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STAMPS . . . *Specialty*

By Winthrop Adams

A MAN turned up at the recent convention of the American Philatelic Society, in Buffalo, who gave the philatelists a start. And a new idea.

He is Marius B. Risely, a student-instructor at St. Bonaventure College, and he collects the little stamps that aren't there. That is, he specializes in collecting covers, envelopes, letters, etc., written by the eight people in the United States who need not bother to put stamps on their mail. They are the wives or widows of former U. S. Presidents. It looks good!

Who are the eight? They are mesdames Benjamin Harrison, Theodore Roosevelt, Taft, Wilson, Harding, Cleveland (Mrs. Preston), Coolidge, and Hoover.

Fine and Superfine

Some of us are beginning to wonder just what some dealers mean by classifying the stamps they offer for sale as "Superfine, Fine, Good, Fair," etc., etc. In the interest of real honesty in the hobby, the ethics of this sort of advertising should be cleaned up.

All you want in a stamp is that it be untorn and unsoiled, well centered, evenly gummed, and, in case of canceled issues, not too heavily canceled. In other words, you want a stamp in good condition. To this editor, there are only good and bad stamps, but he has yet to see any stamp salesman offer a specimen labeled "Bad." Look every stamp over carefully, before you buy; never buy a stamp until you've looked it over and made sure of what you're getting. And never pay a bonus for a "superfine" stamp until the dealer explains to you just how much more you are getting for your bonus.

History

Philately has both a geographical and historical value; we know of no finer aid to the study of geography than stamp-collecting, and we have lately been seeing history taught and recorded beautifully with the aid of postage stamps.

Over at the World's Fair in New York they have an exhibit of stamps bearing the portraits of Queen Victoria and her royal descendants, a fascinating display. Her line, as you know, ran out into Austria, Germany, Spain and—well, look it up, and you'll see the possibilities.

It occurs to us that a fine album might be started, right now, with stamps you probably have already, dealing with history that is being made right under our noses. Think of the changes taking place in Europe! A page dealing with the change in Germany since 1914 would be interesting; and another on Italy. Why not take the news as it comes in the daily newspaper, clip out paragraphs or headlines or pictures, mount them in the center of an album page and surround them with stamps that tell the story? It could be a "Current Events" collection, backed by stamps dealing with events that led up to current events.

Maps could form a fine background. Why not a full-page drawing of a map, with stamps mounted all over the map, to show just what changes have taken place? Eupen and Malmedy and Poland and Belgium and Estonia and Latvia—is there any end to it?

Most Famous Stamp

The world's most famous stamp—the British Guiana 1-cent magenta of 1856—has just been sold to R. H. Macy and Company of New York.

Surrounded by great secrecy, the sale is said to have involved a price of $40,000, and to have been bought by Macy's, (who, incidentally, have a fine stamp department in their store) for a client. The client is said to be an Australian who is not contemplating taking the stamp "down under" to his native land, until the war is over.

This famous item was once in the famous Ferrary collection, seized during the last war by the French government. The French auctioned it off to the late Mr. Arthur Hind, one of philately's great figures, for $32,500, and thus it came into the possession of Mrs. Anna Hind Scala of Utica, N. Y., who has just sold it to Macy. King George V of England tried to get it into his great collection, but never did.

Sometimes we think it's wrong to be talking of $40,000 stamps to average collectors like ourselves; numbers like this British Guiana just never come our way. But the other day we saw a block of four of an American air-mail stamp that cost the owner just twenty-four cents; it is a block with the centers inverted, or upside-down. Today it is valued at $35,000! You can't "always ever sometimes" tell; the first rule in this hobby is "Keep your eyes open."

Question Box

Q: Where can I secure those Pitcairn Island stamps, and how, and how much? Ans.: See Stamp Column in last issue of the *Herald*. No more answers to this one.

Q: Is there a Foreign Philatelic Agency in the U.S.? Ans.: Several, run by foreign Consulates. Consult the Consul of country you're interested in, in your nearest city, or in New York City.

Q: Can loose-leaf pages be purchased for individual countries? Ans.: Yes. Naribo Line is good. Also try Scott line. See "Stamps Magazine," (2 West 46th Street, N.Y.) for ads on this.

Q: We notice several variations in the surcharges of new European occupation stamps. Do you think them a good item? Ans.: No. To us, they're junk. There were variations in the World War occupations, and they are not yet recognized in Scott's Catalogue. Spend your money elsewhere. Why help Hitler?

(Continued from page 15)

opportunity on a lot of young fellows with the right stuff in them. He told the directors that if they would let him reopen the school he would take over the entire job himself, including raising funds; in short order the night school was reopened, with a larger enrollment than before the fire.

At twenty-five, Jim West finally graduated from law school and passed his bar examinations. He secured an appointment to the Board of Pensions, largely, I believe, through the interest of my father, who had come to know him and admire his remarkable energy. Later he was made assistant attorney in the Department of the Interior.

During the half-dozen years he served in these capacities, he took on any number of other activities. It was he, backed by the Playground Association, who first took up the question of turning public parks in Washington over to children. The first Children's Court in Washington was also the result of his efforts.

During 1909, the Boy Scout movement was gaining momentum in England. An American newspaper man, William D. Boyce, undertook the financing of an American Scout organization. There were different plans of a somewhat similar nature already in the field. All had to be brought, without hurt feelings or loss of enthusiasm, into the main body of American Scouts.

Such a task required leadership of a high order. Success or failure depended upon choosing the right executive. James West was invited to become secretary of the new organization. The Scout organizers refused to take No for an answer. Finally West agreed to take charge for six months. He has spent the rest of his life with the Scout movement.

To keep the growing Scout organization strictly nonpolitical, nonsectarian, and free from racial prejudice was a herculean task.

By tact and patience all these obstacles were overcome. American Scouting is today as democratic as Indian corn.

Practically everything that West did in those early days had to be done with limited facilities—much of it single-handed. One thing needed was a revised Scout handbook, that would go even farther than its English and first American predecessors in interesting and instructing boys, while at the same time providing a sort of working manual for American Scouting. Working day and night, West got the material ready and had 5000 printed. More than 6,000,000 copies of the Scout handbook have been sold to date.

Last year I stood on a platform at the New York World's Fair and looked out over 63,000 boys gathered in the square in front of me. James E. West was standing beside me. He was on crutches. I thought of his story, from the days when he was an unwelcome cripple in an orphan asylum, and of the great movement today which his hands have been so instrumental in molding. It seemed to me that as long as we have in America such men as he, and organizations such as the Boy Scouts, we can face the future with confidence.

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The Upper Room

The Devotional Guide in a Million Christian Homes

• • •

Jesus, while here on earth, found the hand of the Father through quiet meditation and prayer. Paul, in his sermon at Athens, said: "He be not very far from any one of us, for in Him we live, and move, and have our being."

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NEW BOOKS TO READ

By
DANIEL A. POLING

Doctor In Arabia, by Paul W. Harrison. (303 pp., The John Day Company, $3.00.) This is the most impressive, dynamic, and indeed romantic, missionary adventure book of the decade. Significantly it is a man's book. Dr. Harrison qualifies for a full membership in any adventure society. He is one of the prophetic figures of our generation. He has written a thriller! The Christian Church and all her enterprises will be enriched by this volume.

The Dream We Lost, by Freda Utley. (361 pp., The John Day Company, $2.75.) Someone has said that Freda Utley speaks for the disillusioned. For her husband's sake she has kept silence through a decade, but now, with little hope that he has escaped the ultimate tortures of the O.G.-P.U., she writes the bloody record of futility, human torture, and social waste. Once she believed that Communism was the road to paradise; now she knows that whatever of good there was, it disappeared so rapidly "that there was soon nothing but bad." *The Dream We Lost* is an annotated library in its field. The author is already distinguished as a crusading journalist.

Child's Story of the Bible, by Catherine F. Vos. (Wm. B. Eerdmans Co., $3.00). This is a book for children from "seven to seventy" and even beyond—I have seen a youngster of eighty-one absorbed in its pages. There is no reason I can see for using Usher's Chronological Table in the story of creation, but that is a small criticism for what is clearly a great achievement in its field. Vivid stories are supplemented with thirty-six full page, colored illustrations. Here is the way *you* would like to tell and have told the most beautiful of all stories.

Faith for Living, by Lewis Mumford. (Harcourt, Brace and Company, $2.00). This challenging volume has its own answer for the question, "What beliefs and hopes give courage to resist the present wave of barbarism?" Lewis Mumford believes that moral disintegrations made the opening for the forces of barbarism. He spares no institution in his general indictment. The reader is bound to be rebuked, but will hardly escape being inspired at last.

The Bells of Amsterdam, by Ruth Langland Holberg. (Thomas Y. Crowell Company, $2.00.) Illustrated by Richard Holberg. A gorgeous book! In this story, profusely illustrated, we live through happy days in seventeenth century Amsterdam—the city, so long ago as that, famous everywhere for its kindness to orphans. In its class the most delightful children's book of the year.

Refugee, translated by Clara Leiser (author anonymous.) (Prentice-Hall, Inc., $2.50). This personal account of two "Aryan" Germans whom Nazi brutality failed to crush is, I think, a book unique in American publishing history. The details are incredibly horrible; Nazi Germany is revealed as in no previous volume I have read, but the triumph of the human spirit is the final and supreme note.

Little Tooktoo: The Story of Santa Claus' Youngest Reindeer, by Marie Ahnighito Peary. (William Morrow & Co., Inc., $1.00.) A delightful tale, written by the daughter of the discoverer of the North Pole, who herself was the famous "Snow Baby," born far north of the Arctic Circle. Children will love it and parents will get their own thrill out of it, too.

Out of the Fog, by Joseph C. Lincoln. (D. Appleton-Century Company, $2.50.) Another "event" for that vast company of readers who love with their first and lasting literary affection "Joe" Lincoln. This latest Cape Cod story is a mystery tale "de luxe," but "salted" and otherwise flavored as only Lincoln knows the recipe. Here is a book to be enjoyed through every page.

Handbook for Youth, by Merle Colby. (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, $2.50.) A practical handbook, filled with valuable information perhaps never before brought together in usable form. Questions in every field of interest and concern are answered. Do you want vocational guidance? Have you questions about jobs, placement, new, old, and special occupations? All these and many other questions are answered.

Big River To Cross, by Ben Lucien Burman. (John Day, $3.00.) The man who made America river conscious has rediscovered the Mississippi in *Big River To Cross.* He did it first in his notable novel *Mississippi.* Burman is in some of his qualities another Mark Twain, though in everything he is quite himself, and he writes as rivers flow—with many moods, with constant changes, and with beauty always. I loved the book!

Defense of America, edited by William Allen White. (MacMillan, $1.00). Here is a stirring call, a warning call, to America. Fourteen distinguished Americans declare what must be done to safeguard the American way of life. Theirs is a remarkable unanimity. Especially impressive, if at times disquieting (and that is a point for the volume!) are the chapters written by Henry Sloane Coffin, President Conant, Chester Rowell, and Rabbi Stephen S. Wise.

(Continued from page 38)

practice, dynamic, experienced, successful, appealing.

Roger Babson is in many respects the most colorful of the four candidates named. His business and professional career has kept him before the country for more than forty years. Mr. Babson is also a Christian statesman. He has served his own church in its highest executive office, has stood unflinchingly not only for National Prohibition but in support of every other great moral issue. Though he is the candidate of a "minor party," by the test of character, experience, and ability, he stands shoulder high with President Roosevelt, Wendell Willkie and Norman Thomas.

Norman Thomas, candidate of the Socialist Party, is generally respected even by those who are the most intolerant of his political and social theories. He began life as a Presbyterian clergyman, and his public career has been true to the faith that has kept him with singleness of purpose. Personally, he has lived a life of sacrifice and even hardship. There is not in America today a public leader more deserving of the confidence of those who believe in his philosophy of government.

Yes, these four candidates make it impossible for any qualified voter in the United States to remain away from the polls in November without becoming a slacker, worthy of contempt. Even though your vote goes to the man who receives the smallest total of all votes cast, it is a victorious ballot, for it elects your own sovereign convictions. It puts *you* into the ballot box. It registers for democracy. It records itself and will be recorded, for the Constitution of the United States, for the Bill of Rights, for the American way of life. Failure to vote is personal denial and public betrayal; and for Christian Citizen it is the repudiation of one of the most significant utterances, one of the most profound principles, ever declared by Jesus Christ.

Christian Citizen *goes* to the polls!

DANIEL A. POLING

(Continued from page 17)

team in the Orange Bowl game the past New Year's Day, says:

"This movement is of tremendous interest to me, as I firmly believe that when a person pays several dollars to witness a football game, he or she does not like to be bothered by a drunk whose sole aim is to 'enjoy' himself by annoying the other people in his near vicinity. The sooner it is stopped completely, the better off all concerned will be. I know I do not like to have my family subjected to such conditions when they come to a game."

Chief of Police M. A. Hornsby of Atlanta, commenting on the results of the campaign, says:

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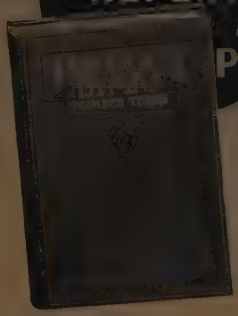
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(Continued from page 21)

She should not shrink from unpleasant duties—many of the duties of nursing are violently unpleasant. She must be able to face death without flinching, and life—which is sometimes more difficult than death—with a ready smile. She must have a keen sense of humor and an unswerving loyalty. She must be able to take orders and obey instructions—to the letter. She must be meticulously neat and she must possess a systematic mind.

To be a nurse a girl should have a fair education. The amount of education which a girl possesses, however, is far less important than her ability to learn new lessons and to remember what she has learned.

The training course for a nurse requires three years, and it is inexpensive—amazingly so. As far as I have been able to discover the most costly training school in the country demands less than five hundred dollars—this includes tuition and extras for the entire period of study. Some training schools are free, and there are even a few which pay their students a small sum in the form of a monthly wage. There is a bureau in New York City which will gladly and cheerfully give information along these lines.

After a girl has graduated from training school she is ready to take up the actual work of nursing. But—even at the last minute—she can still choose the branch of the profession for which she considers herself best fitted. Some girls prefer to do surgical work, others to specialize in contagious or mental cases, and there are still others who have a way with youngsters. And there are some—these are in the majority—who like best to take each case as it comes, after the manner of a general practitioner.

Aside from choosing the branch of the profession to which she is best fitted, a beginning nurse can also choose her background. In other words, she can decide whether she will go in for hospital work, institutional work, work in some highly specialized sanitarium, or private nursing.

Nowadays most nurses work on an eight hour shift—this applies to hospital and institutional work, of course. A nurse on a private case may still accept a case which calls for twenty-four hour duty. Twenty-four hour duty naturally does not mean that there is no rest at all for the nurse—she must have her hours of sleep and relaxation else her usefulness will be impaired. But, on private duty, the sleeping hours are often broken into and sometimes the hours of relaxation must be skipped entirely.

The average nurse who does not marry early in the game (and let me say here and now that an attractive nurse has many opportunities to marry, for she meets a large number of men under the most informal of circumstances!) can carry on her profession actively for a quarter of a century—sometimes longer.

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(Continued from page 24)

village in a crowded motor bus at twenty miles an hour, or by railway train at double that rate. And think what such a journey involves. The peasant must rub shoulders with all sorts and conditions of fellowmen—and even women. The caste man cannot avoid the touch of an outcaste who has paid an equal fare and is entitled to the equal privilege of a seat in a public conveyance.

Efficient transport has also laid the specter of famine. When one section of the land has poor crops or none at all, supplies are rushed by rail or road from prosperous tracts. Then again, cheap fares make it possible for poor folks to attend agricultural shows and other educational projects.

Youth movements, like the Boy Scouts and Girl Guides are popularizing the idea of brotherhood without having to combat the prejudice of a religious bias. At the periodic jamborees, boys from every caste and creed mingle freely, playing and working and eating together. And there are often inter-caste banquets which symbolize the breaking up of one of the world's most amazing and persistent social ostracisms.

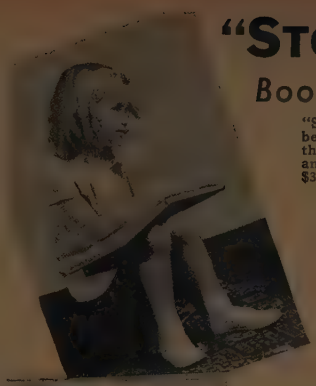
Then again the radio is a potent influence, reaching hitherto inaccessible corners. There are educational broadcasts in various Indian vernaculars, giving information on improved seed crops, stock raising, prevention of disease, child welfare, and so on.

Newspapers and magazines, not only in English but in many of the two hundred and twenty-two main languages of India, carry irrefutable news from all over the world. No child marriage in the United States escapes the keen eyes of the Indian journalist, who trenchantly asks us to put our own house in order before telling India how to deal with *her* child marriages.

India has been catapulted from her village-community society of the Middle Ages into the forefront of industrialized countries. The city of Bombay contains more cotton mills than any other city in the world, and the raw cotton which used to be sent to the mills of Lancashire is now being woven in Indian mills.

And what of India's religious life in this epoch of quick change and startling progression? The Hindus number about sixty-eight per cent of the population and the Mohammedans seventeen per cent, and these two communities have vigorous movements of reform from within. Only 6,000,000 Indians are listed as Christians, equally divided between Catholics and Protestants. But we find Indian Christians all over India in positions of prestige and power out of all proportion to their numerical importance. It is, however, difficult for a man to become a Christian.

But there is a remarkable permeation of Christ's spirit of love and sympathy and fair play and progress, even though it is not always acknowledged as such. For example, I have visited excellent schools for outcastes which were financed and managed and taught, not by the neutral foreigner, but by Brahmans themselves. Both Hindu and Mohammedan reformers are eager to put India's house in order; and we Christian people of America who have striven for this during one hundred and twenty-five years, must continue to assist, in Christ's own spirit of brotherhood.



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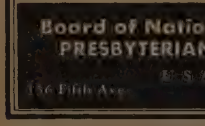

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(Continued from page 41)

news of the Gospel. Many of the converts to the early church were won by the apostles' preaching—certainly a form of publicity. Many were also gained through the personal testimony of the individual believer.

Inspire us to share with those about us, with those in other lands, the message of Thy love. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 16

"LET US RISE UP AND BUILD."
READ NEHEMIAH 2:11-18.

LESS than thirty-five years ago, San Francisco was devasted by earthquake and fire. It was a desolation indeed. Now that fine city, rebuilt on the old foundations, is one of the proudest instances we have of pluck and prowess. Not by laments and repining, but by steady, resolute effort, the work was carried through. So when our hopes are destroyed, our plans ruined, like Job we may still have faith in God. Such faith can move mountains.

Gracious God, no matter how our hearts may be overwhelmed by life's reverses, Thou canst be our help if we turn to Thee in Christ. Amen.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 17

"THINE AGE SHALL BE CLEARER THAN THE NOON."
READ JOB 11:7-20.

HAPPY is the man who can find the divine blessing which crowns every period of life. Youth has its enthusiasm and ambitions, but maturity has experience which is invaluable, and a deeper knowledge of life's meaning. Henry Ford ought to know. He says that "if all men of fifty-five or more were taken from industry, there would not be enough brains to carry on. Young men from thirty years on," he added, "make the best executives, for carrying plans through, but the best plans originate in older heads." With tolerance and wider sympathies, let us prove our worth to the race.

Aid us, O God, from day to day to live as in Thy sight and to the glory of Thy name. Amen.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 18

"LAYING ASIDE EVERY WEIGHT . . ."
READ ROMANS 14:16-23.

LIFE'S demands are so high, Christ's cause so vital, that we dare not permit any handicap or harmful habit to rob us of our best. The famous Austrian surgeon, Dr. Lorenz, once said, "I am a surgeon. My success depends upon my brain being clear, my muscles firm, and nerves steady. No one can take alcoholic liquor without blunting these physical powers which I must keep on edge. As a surgeon, I must not drink." That goes for every worthwhile project. Our young people need to be warned about the insidious assaults of the cocktail habit. Why jeopardize life's success? Why handicap oneself?

Give us that clear vision of Thy divine goal for life that we may be willing to sacrifice all lesser things for Thy sake. Through Christ, Amen.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19

"EVERY MAN SHALL BEAR HIS OWN BURDEN."
READ GALATIANS 6:4-9.

WE SEE little good in carrying life's load day after day, but what about that oriental legend? A Macedonian was ordered to convey a wooden chest to the king's palace. He fastened it on his mule, and set off. The journey was long, and after many days the mule sickened and died. Thereupon the man took the box on his back and trudged along. Finally, exhausted, he flung down his load. But the king, traveling that way, stopped to encourage him. "Come, take up thy load again," he said. "It is heavy, for it is pure gold. And for thy faithful service it is thine."

When we bear our burdens for Thy sake, O Lord, Thou dost impart the riches of Thy grace. Help us to be strong. Through Christ, Amen.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 20

"I WILL BLESS THE LORD AT ALL TIMES."
READ PSALM 34:1-8.

THE old hymns grow familiar, like oft-trodden paths. In one of them, there is a line which runs, "Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me." When the clouds of adversity and trial gather, we need the abiding Presence. That gives peace and rest to the soul. Yet when the sun of prosperity shines, when plans come to happy fruition, we still require the steadying hand of our God. We need His aid as at other times.

Day by day, whatever they may bring, keep us close to Thee, that we may know Thy help. Amen.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 21

"LET US LOVE ONE ANOTHER."
READ I JOHN 4:7-14.

BARRIE'S quaint character, Queery, was a weaver in Thrums. In the tiny cottage, where his old, blind mother lived with him, he toiled at his hand-loom, day and night. Poverty, like a poor relation, always beset him. He would carry dinner to his mother, protesting that he had eaten. He would evade her inquiries about his overcoat, during the bitter weather, for she would scold him if she knew he had sold it to buy a blanket for her bed. Even the minister's playful rebuke that it was a shame to deceive his blind mother had no effect. Queery went on loving her to the end.

O Christ, greater than human love at its highest is Thy sacrificial affection. Help us to love Thee in return. Through our Saviour's grace, amen.

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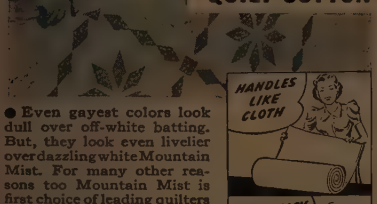

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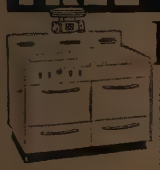

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TUESDAY, OCTOBER 22

"LOVE NOT THE WORLD."
READ I JOHN 2:9-17.

THE red spider is a pest to cotton growers in some parts of the south. It causes "rust" which ruins the crop. With the fall, the insects move to other plants. Their favorite is the violets. These remain green all through the southern winter, and the spiders are kept alive. The only cure for this is to dig up the violets or else use a powerful insecticide. Strange, too, is the fact that innocent amusements may degenerate into traps for the unwary, recreation may mean temptation, and temptation disaster. Samson was snared by beauty. Violets and vice are sometimes closely allied.

Help us, O heavenly Father, to keep on guard against all which wars against the soul. For Jesus' sake, amen.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 23

"GOD FORBID THAT I SHOULD GLORY SAVE IN THE CROSS."
READ GALATIANS 6:7-14.

A TOURIST in Italy came upon an antique shop which he could not resist. There was junk gathered from all parts. His eye was arrested by a crucifix. It was very old. He thought of it in the hands of a priest, held up to smite the evildoer, or placed to the lips of the dying. Then the shopkeeper took the cross, and touching a spring, a keen blade shot out, making it a dagger. What appalling sacrilege! Yet to make the cross the ground for contention and strife, means that Christ is wounded in the house of His friends.

Let us endeavor always to make the cross the means of uniting men, not of dividing them.

Help us so to glory in Thy cross that Thy cross may make our lives glorious unto Thee. Through Thy divine grace, amen.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24

"I WILL NOT GLORY, BUT IN MINE INFIRMITIES."
READ II CORINTHIANS 12:1-10.

PAUL inspires us to braver living. He had sacrificed home, friends, and career for Christ. He had been made an outcast by those who once praised him. Enduring privations, dangers, and even attempts on his life, he pressed on. Christ and His cause meant everything to him. And yet—what did he get for his devotion? A thorn in the flesh! Was it failing eyesight, health enfeebled by malaria? All we know is it meant suffering, a great handicap, and the trial of unanswered prayer. Or did it? His prayers were answered by deepened faith, finer resolve, and power to glory in his cross. How about us?

Develop in us that sublime trust in Thy wisdom and love, O Father, that victory over life may be ours, through Him that loved us. Amen.

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FRIDAY, OCTOBER 25

"WE ARE MEMBERS ONE OF ANOTHER."

READ EPHESIANS 4:22-32.

TRUTH reaches us from strange quarters. A visitor to a great sanitarium for the mentally sick asked one of the nurses, "Are you not nervous sometimes? Suppose these patients should combine against the staff, would you not be in a serious position?" She answered, "We would—only the insane never combine." That is something not generally realized. Nor is its bearing on Christian service. Not to combine forces against evil is insane. Not to unite our life and powers in Christ's cause is reprehensible. Let us give our best for the Best.

Dear Saviour, who didst give Thy best for us, help us, in fellowship with Thy people, to render our utmost service to Thee. Through Thy grace, Amen.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26

"THAT THERE BE NO DIVISIONS."

READ I CORINTHIANS 1:10-18.

BEFORE the battle of Trafalgar, the famous Lord Nelson came upon two of his leading officers. They were quarreling so violently that they did not notice the approach of their admiral. He listened for a moment, then breaking in, he said with cutting severity, "Gentlemen, I don't know what is in dispute. This I do know. There is only one enemy. Our fight is with him." Christ is grieved by our divisions, our proneness to take offense. Our fight is against evil.

Inspire that love, that tolerance and goodwill, by which we may all work together for good as those who love Thee, O Lord. For Thy mercy's sake, Amen.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 27

"ABOVE FINE GOLD."

READ PSALM 119:121-128.

WHICH book was the best seller last year? There may be some difference of opinion. The answer may give first place to the works of Steinbeck, Mitchell, Ashe or some other well-known book. But all such answers would be wrong. The best seller, topping all other books, was the Bible. Now people do not buy what is worthless or out of date. What then does this prove? That there is an intrinsic worth in the Bible which makes it top all other books. It is the Word of God.

Help us ever to give the first place to Thy Holy Word, that we may be equipped for life's way. Amen.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 28

"HE ALSO IS A SON OF ABRAHAM."

READ LUKE 19:1-10.

THERE are both beautiful and ugly traits in human nature. Two friends standing on a mountain summit were gazing at the view. One was using his field glasses. He handed them to his companion. "Look through these," he

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said. "Then you will really see it." The other took the glasses, then he exclaimed, "They certainly are powerful. Why, I can see that pig-pen we passed in the valley, and there are the pigs quite plainly." So one saw mountain peaks, clothed with solemn grandeur. The other saw pigs!

Help us to see the best in all things and in everyone, that we may find new cause for praise. Amen.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 29

"THEY GLORIFIED NOT GOD."

READ ROMANS 1:14-23.

TO EXCLUDE God from either our educational system or from the individual life is fraught with disastrous possibilities. This is confirmed by a noted criminal lawyer. He was defending a young fellow charged with homicide, and he said, "It does not seem fair to me to hang a nineteen-year-old boy for a philosophy of life which has been taught for the last twenty-five years in practically all the great universities of the land." He meant that to omit instruction about God's requirements, the heinousness of sin, and the necessity for conversion is courting disaster.

Help us to live by and for Thy Gospel, O Redeemer, that through our witness and service the world may be saved. For Thy name's sake, Amen.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 30

"CONFORMED TO THE IMAGE OF GOD'S SON."

READ ROMANS 8:28-37.

A FATHER, discussing his wayward son with a friend, met the retort, "If he were my son, I would kick him out." The father replied, "Yes, if he were your son, so would I. But he isn't your son. He's mine, and I can't do it." Many a man sees his plans frustrated, and his self-sacrifice in vain because his boy falls short of his hopes. Yet we may disappoint God just like that.

Forgive our slowness of heart to believe in Thy loving purpose, and strengthen us that we may grow in grace. For our Saviour's sake, Amen.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31

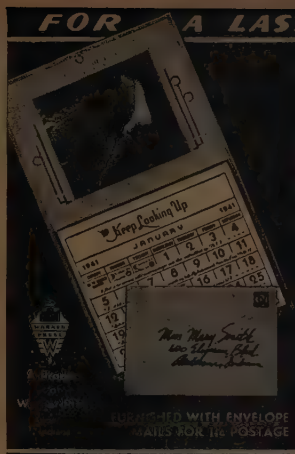
"WHATSOEVER . . . DO IT WITH THY MIGHT."

READ ECCLESIASTES 9:10-16.

WE SHOULD use time well, for that is the material of which life is woven. All too soon, the light fades. Dickens left his "Mystery of Edwin Drood" incomplete, as R. L. Stevenson did "The Great North Road." Livingstone died with a prayer on his lips that the open sore of Africa might be healed, for he never saw that for which he had labored. Still, completion is not everything. It is faithful service which counts with God.

Enable us, gracious Master, to catch Thy spirit that we may seek to fulfill Thy purpose. Amen.

FOR A LASTING REMEMBRANCE



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(Continued from page 35)

Christ. The effectiveness of our outward actions depends on the reality of our inward experience.

The next time something goes wrong and we tend to explode and run about blaming others, let us remember that we cannot honestly do this until quietly in our own hearts we have searched our own shortcomings. When next we are bored and don't know what to do with ourselves, thinking we must go to the show or have somebody to the house for excitement, let us remember the wise words of Thomas à Kempis, "No man doth safely appear abroad, but he who gladly can abide at home out of sight."

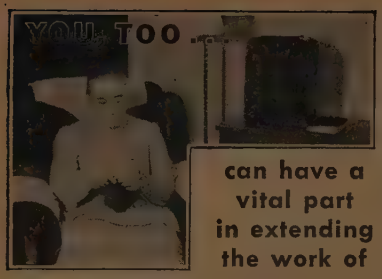
"But," you will say, "we can't stay home all the time. We have to go abroad into the busy life of the world, into the market places of our cities, to the centers of our industrial plants, into the schools and offices where the destiny of our nation is being formed. Life takes us far afield from the homes in which we might dwell quietly out of sight." That brings us to the second of our texts dealing with the need and possibility of meditation. It is from the prophecy of Ezekiel at the time of the Captivity. "Although I have cast them far off among the heathen, and although I have scattered them among the countries, yet will I be to them as a little sanctuary in the countries where they shall come."

To you and me this conviction that the Eternal God is an Infinite Spirit everywhere present is one of the priceless treasures of our religious heritage. We know that God cannot be limited by creed or national boundaries. We know that we can worship Him equally well whether we be in Shanghai or in New Haven.

We must remind ourselves that as we go about our daily tasks we carry in the human soul a little sanctuary where spirit with spirit can speak. Many are the far countries to which we travel each day. Yet in all these far countries of daily experience the God with whom we have planned our lives in the privacy of our own homes goes with us as a sanctuary.

This brings us to our third observation, that Meditation does not end with itself but is the inspiration for service and life. The Quakers have a saying that "To worship rightly is to love each other." Worship results in action. We feel impelled to share with others the inspiration that has come to us. In this sense we can say that though no one should go abroad until he has remained quietly at home out of sight, yet there comes a time after his private devotions when a person must go abroad to the far countries of experience to minister in love and in kindness to his fellowmen. To worship rightly is to love each other.

There is in the world today an imperative need for a religious revival, that through meditation our spirits may establish a living and vital contact with the purposes of God; and that as a result of that contact our personal, national, and international affairs may be so ordered as to show forth that love and concern which God intends. To far areas of our experiences we must go with meditation and prayer, that God as the little sanctuary in the human heart may reach the whole domain of human life.



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SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS FOR OCTOBER

Stanley B. Vandersall, D.D.

OCTOBER 6

LUKE 1; ACTS 1:1-5; 16:9-15; COL. 4:14; II TIM. 4:11a

FOR six months there are to be presented studies in the Gospel of Luke. Two goals are sought in this lesson: (1) to discover everything possible about Luke, the physician; (2) to describe and appreciate the third Gospel. From each effort many practical lessons may come.

1. The following points stand out as relating to Luke, and are accepted by scholars with such agreement as hardly to be open to question: (a) That the third Gospel and the Book of Acts were written by the same author, being so alike in spirit and in expression as to be considered as volumes 1 and 2 of the same narrative. (b) That the author of these two books was a companion and friend of St. Paul. The use of the pronoun "we" in many sections of Acts puts the author directly into the action. (c) That this author and companion was Luke, a physician, beloved by Paul. (d) That Luke was a Gentile; he may have been a Jewish proselyte before he became a Christian, but this is not certain. He was the only one of the Gospel writers who was of Gentile origin. (e) That he was present, with Paul, in the first and second imprisonments in Rome.

2. Luke's Gospel has several notable features, and students should be on the lookout for them in every chapter.

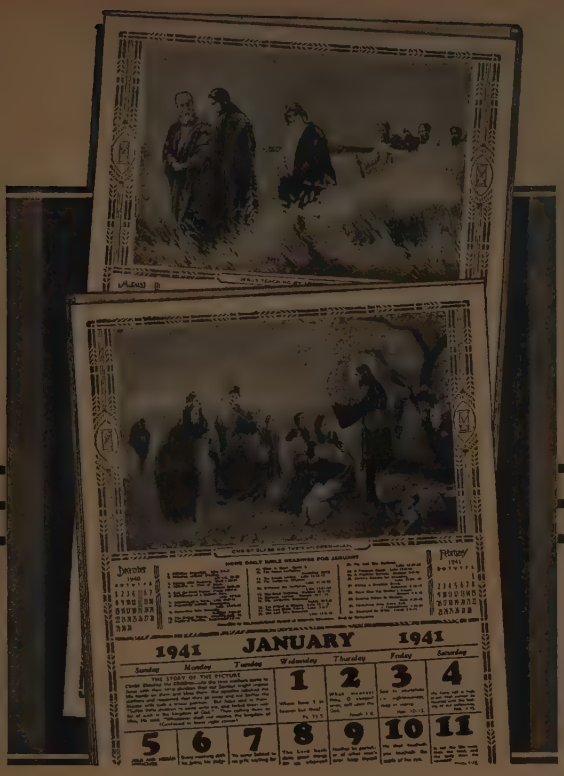
(a) He was very versatile in his style of writing. The introduction, or preface (1:1-4), is written in the purest Greek, comparable to that of Xenophon, but other passages have marked Hebrew characteristics, the variations depending on the nature of his subject, and the sources of his information.

(b) His choice and use of words make him a master of word-pictures. How realistic are his descriptions of Zacharias in the Temple, the annunciation to Mary, the birth of Jesus, the angels and the shepherds, the presentation in the Temple, and many other passages! His care for details, for matters of human interest, for the emotions and feelings of persons dealt with call for the sympathetic response of every reader.

(c) Luke shows a great enthusiasm for Jesus Christ, whom he loves and serves. Being a physician himself, he gives large place to the miracles of healing, and treats every one with understanding sympathy. His testimony at these points is therefore the more valuable.

(d) Luke, being a companion of Paul on the latter's missionary journeys, displays much of the Apostle's spirit. "The notes of joy and tenderness, and the burning love of sinful souls, are conspicuous in the two traveling companions."

(e) The spiritual aspects of Luke's Gospel are not to be missed. He is not afraid of the supernatural. In particular is Luke called "the historian of the Holy Spirit." It was Luke who gave us the narrative of Pentecost (Acts 2), and in his



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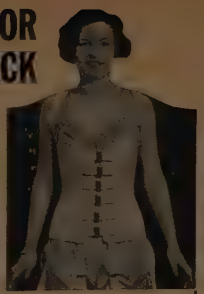

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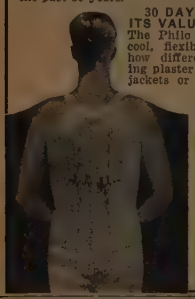

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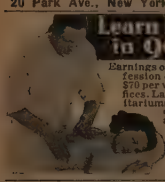

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Gospel the references to the Holy Spirit are seventeen in number, as compared with nine in Matthew and six in Mark.

Further, Luke conspicuously refers to prayer, not only as the practice of the Master (seven instances), but also as playing a large part in miracles, parables, and other narrative.

Questions for Class Discussion

1. Why are some books of the Bible more interestingly written than others?
2. What do Luke's personal experiences (as in Acts) have to do with the writing of his Gospel?
3. What does Luke state to be the purpose of his Gospel?
4. What elements in Luke's style appeal most to you?

OCTOBER 13

LUKE 2.

OF THE four Evangelists, Luke alone gives us a glimpse into the boyhood of Jesus, and he devotes only thirteen verses to the record of thirty important years.

Although little direct Bible material is available, it is possible to declare certain things concerning Jesus' boyhood life. The Nazareth home was a typical Jewish home, and the training Jesus received, along with His brothers and sisters, was like that of every other Jewish boy. He had a teacher who made known to Him the Jewish law; He learned also the history of the patriarchs and prophets; He observed the Sabbath rigidly; He attended the services in the synagogue; He played and conversed as a normal boy would do.

Our purpose in this lesson is twofold: (1) to find from the Jerusalem occurrence the things which marked Jesus as an unusual person; (2) to analyze the general statement (verse 52) about His growth in adolescent and young adult years.

The devotion of Joseph and Mary to the requirements of the law is apparent. At the Passover, Pentecost, and Feast of Tabernacles every male was required by the law to go up to Jerusalem; and while all of them could not do so, because of their wide dispersion, Joseph evidently followed the custom. The law did not prescribe that women should make the journey, but Mary probably went out of natural piety.

Twelve years marked the age when a boy became "a son of the Law" and began to keep its precepts, especially by observing feasts and fasts. Verse 43 indicates the attraction which the first visit to the Temple had on the boy Jesus (the word used here is *boy*, not *child*) and the confidence reposed in Him by His parents, who did not feel the need of keeping Him with them. There is no evidence of negligence on their part, but assurance that the lad would be safe.

When the caravan (company, verse 44) returned toward Nazareth, the fact that Jesus was not missed is accounted for by the custom of having the men and the women separated, with a lad of the age of Jesus going either with mother or father. Each thought He was with the other.

Members of the Sanhedrin gave public instruction within the temple enclosure on Sabbaths and festival days. It was probably in such a gathering that the parents found Jesus. Verse 47 indicates that His replies showed an amazing intellectual and spiritual development—beyond one of His years.

The reproach in Mary's question (v. 48) is as much over the boy's seeming indifference to the parents' anxiety as over His mere absence. His answer expresses surprise only because they *sought* Him; they should have known instantly where to find Him. The Revised Version's "in my father's house" is not exclusively the translation, but it is better than "about my father's business," because that would have no necessary relation to any place, and His question would lose its point. The literal words, "in the things of my father," are capable of either meaning.

The climax of the passage is in verse 52, which shows the development of Jesus from a child to a youth, from a youth to a man.

What points for the Christian of today stand out here? Mary and Joseph represent all Christian parents—teaching, giving opportunity for spiritual development, showing leadership and concern. Jesus represents us all in His response to parental guidance, His following of the divine urge, and His willing obedience to the rules of home and family. Besides, the fourfold plan of growth remains as an ideal for growing youth.

Questions for Class Discussion

1. In what points ought progress to appear in a Christian's life each year?
2. What new plans can be made for improving Christian growth in our homes?
3. What features of Jesus' boyhood might well be reproduced for today's children?

OCTOBER 20

LUKE 3.

THE first impression that comes from a careful reading of vesses 1 to 22 is that the arrangement is precise and orderly. "First the date (1, 2), then a description of the new prophet (3-6), then an account of his preaching and its effects (7-17), and an explanation as to how it came to an end (18-20). He baptizes the Christ (21, 22)."

Who was John? "He was a hermit, dwelling in the wilderness near the Jordan. He was a man before he was a preacher, preparing himself in meditation and repentance for the coming of the Messiah, of whose nearness he felt sure." (Rall, *The Life of Jesus.*)

What was John's message?

1. *The Kingdom is at hand.* John definitely felt that it was a time of crisis, that men were being called to judgment, and that a new order was to come as Messiah appeared.

2. *Repent.* This was new. Not for years—since the days of the prophets—had men been called to repentance. The Jews were counting on their inheritance as Abraham's children to bring them deliverance. John quickly declared that it will not come that way. It will come only by righteousness, and to get righteousness men must confess their sins and leave off following them.

3. *Repentance must lead to the re-*

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mission of sins. Until sin stops, no man can stand before God any more than a tree stands before the woodman's axe. Baptism becomes the external symbol of the inward change of heart and purpose. This part of John's baptism was new, and his picturesque language carried it home to his hearers. To some of them it was an unpleasant challenge.

"'What, then, must we do?' asked one in the throng of people. . . . For answer, He told the people to change, not their livelihood, but their way of living; go on with their present work, but to do it as to a God of justice and mercy. He told them to earn their living honestly and justly and to do good." (Matthews, *A Life of Jesus.*)

John also had an announcement. John was not content with meeting and helping throngs of people. He had another mission, even greater than to call to repentance. It was to announce the coming Messiah, "who shall baptize with the Holy Ghost and with fire." John's self-effacement in relation to Jesus is for all time and for all people an example. He who could have been so much chose to become so little in order that Christ might receive His rightful place.

John's message was deed as well as word. The Baptist's greatest work was that which was unexpected, and against which he protested—the baptism of Jesus. Public baptism was then, as it has been ever since, an open and decisive stand for the new life. Its value is not to the principal alone, but to all others who are witnesses. When Jesus came, therefore, to join with others in the public confession of allegiance to the Father, He put His seal of approval on the practice.

OCTOBER 27

LUKE 1:13-16; 2:40; 4:4; 6:21, 25, 43-45.

STRONG drink continues to be a potent enemy of mankind, claiming new victims each day, changing its nature and devastation not a single mite. There are many reasons why abstinence is a desirable attainment, among which are the physical, economic, industrial, and social reasons so often advanced. But for the Christian there are certain other considerations that weight quite as heavily. They provide the basis for the consistent, courageous fight which many sections of the Christian church have waged against alcohol. Because alcohol *is* unchanging these basic motives still hold.

1. *The Christian owes it to himself and to God to be his best at all times.* Luke 1:15 names as one of the characteristics of John that he is to be a Nazarite, abstaining from all wine or strong drink, not for a limited time, but for his whole life. Thus he would be marked as wholly available for his mission, with no abatement or turning aside of his powers. Further, "in place of the physical excitement of strong drink he is to have the supernatural inspiration of the Holy Spirit."

Alcohol never adds to the physical, mental, and spiritual endowments possessed by man. The reverse is true. A Christian should have no less a standard than that his total best is necessary to carry on his work in the world.

2. *Physical, mental, and spiritual growth demands abstinence.* Luke 2:40

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It may be just a nasty habit, but sometimes nose picking is a sign of something nastier. It may mean that your child has *round worms*—especially if there are other symptoms, such as fidgeting, finicky appetite, restless sleep and itching in certain parts.
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JAYNE'S VERMIFUGE is the best known worm expellant in America. It is backed by modern scientific study and has been used by millions for over a century. JAYNE'S VERMIFUGE has the ability to drive out large round worms, yet it tastes good and acts gently. It does not contain santonin. If there are no worms it works merely as a mild laxative. Ask for JAYNE'S VER-MI-FUGE at any drug store.
FREE: Valuable medical book, "Worms Living Inside You." Write to Dept. C-2, Dr. D. Jayne & Son, 2 Vine St., Philadelphia.

TIRED ALL THE TIME?
Try Building Up Your Endurance this Sensible, Easy Way
Lack your old pep? Get little digestive upsets every few days? If there's nothing organically wrong with you—then it's more than likely SLUGGISH DIGESTION is to blame. It can make that gas and bloated feeling; can give you heartburn, a dizzy head.
Start your DIGESTIVE JUICES FLOWING NORMALLY again. Set Fleischmann's live Yeast to work on those digestive-juice glands. It's a STIMULATOR. In test cases the speed of digestion was greatly increased. Then you should begin to FEEL SWELL, look a lot better. Get Fleischmann's Yeast today. Eat one cake first thing in the morning, another cake ½ hour before supper.
Write for "You Can't Feel Well If Digestive Juices Are Failing" to F. Y. Co., Dept. X-O, 691 Washington St., New York. Absolutely FREE!
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REVOLUTIONARY invention. *DRAWS* dirt out of fabrics. No messy bristles. No dust. Uses no electricity. 500 AGENTS WANTED.
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SAMPLE OFFER Samples sent on trial to the first person in each locality who writes. No obligation. Get details. *Be first—send in your name TODAY!*
KRISTEE CO., 519 Bar St., Akron, Ohio

Good News for Fistula Sufferers
The McCleary Clinic, 1038 Elms Blvd., Excelsior Springs, Mo., is putting out an up-to-the-minute 116-page book on Fistula, Piles (Hemorrhoids), related ailments and colon disorders. You can have a copy of this book by asking for it on a postcard sent to the above address. No charge. It may save you much suffering and money. Write today.

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

EDITED BY
Paul Maynard

From a Report

New York

Dear Editor:

. . . The church has grown considerably and now has 800 members. Some years ago the average attendance was seventy-five. It is now averaging 250 to 275, including summer months, or over 300, figured from October to April. They would like to have a maximum seating capacity of approximately 400. The present church is estimated to seat 225, but they wish to enlarge within the shell of the present buildings, without an addition to the church. At present the overflow seating is beyond sliding doors in the Sunday School Assembly Room. . . .

Walter Taylor

This doesn't sound much like the failure of the Church, we have been hearing so much about.

"They Burn Me Up!"

W. Palm Beach, Fla.

Dear Editor:

I wish to thank Clare Johnson (in July's "Just Between Ourselves,") for so ably expressing my thoughts regarding those discourteous subscribers of yours, who are finding fault with this, that and the other. "They burn me up!" I'll admit I don't especially thrill over the Stamp Page, or the recipes, but I wouldn't want them removed from *Christian Herald;* for I realize that some folks thoroughly enjoy and benefit by them. This would be a dull old world if every one thought and felt exactly as I do.

I enjoy most of all the Sermons; then the News Digest. My one and only protest is that *Christian Herald* is a monthly, and not a weekly! I have read mine through in two days, and it seems a long time to wait till the next issue!

Mrs. M. D. Himmelbeber

We'd like to hear from other present-day readers who also read *Christian Herald* when it was published weekly. Would they want us to go back?

Helped by Mr. Meadowcroft's Article

Flemingville, New York

Dear Editor:

Ralph Sadler Meadowcroft has given, in the August issue of *Christian Herald,* the best answer to that agony-filled, doubt-saturated question, "Why Does God Allow This War?" that I have seen any place. It is comprehensive; it is adequate; it is timely. Many will take issue with the author, but in doing so they will reveal a sad lacking in understanding of the ways and wonders of God.

But should not this answer to this very perplexing question become more widely distributed than is possible through the medium of *Christian Herald?* Is there not some way this paper may be printed in pamphlet form by the thousands, yes a million copies, so that it could be given freely to all? Almost everybody would be glad to pay a nominal sum for such an answer to their heart-cry. What good it would do for the American people at this time! I would be happy to help in any way I can to get them to the people.

Harrison A. Dewalt

A limited number of multigraphed copies of this article are available for those who can use them.

Know of a Cheap Printing Press?

Clarion, Iowa

Dear Editor:

I am a boy of fifteen, and print a paper of my own, by typewriter. I write you to see if you could help me in finding a cheap printing press, that would produce a hundred copies a week. I have always been interested in printing since I was old enough to walk.

If you have any information that would help me and teach me more about printing, I would appreciate it.

I print the Clarion Journal Weekly, and have seventy-five regular customers.

I thank you very much.

Everett Sellers

Well! Who has a printing press for this energetic young journalist of the future?

My Tribute to Honoré Morrow

Warsaw, New York

In that city called "celestial,"
Our dear Pilgrim rests today;
Past are all earth's cares and questions
In that Home just o'er the way.

She who gave to us rare beauty,
Through word pictures from her pen,
Brought to us clear, new conceptions,
Of our nation's noblest men.

Wonders too—of crag and canyon,
Light and color—form and shade,
And, with her, we loved her Devon,
Her thatched cottage, glen and shade.

Then, her human understanding,
Deep and true, with vision broad,
From her pages, fraught with meaning,
Led her readers—nearer God.

Rest in Peace, our blessed Pilgrim
In that Beulah Land so fair,
With your dear ones, glad, triumphant,
As Eternal Love you share.

Adah Lyle Kidder

More and more evidence piles up as to the great place Honoré Morrow held in the hearts of our readers. At this writing, no further word has been received of Felicia and her husband.

What We Can Do

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Editor:

I am deeply interested in Mont Lawn, and more so after reading "He Who Has Youth Has the Future," (in the September issue of *Christian Herald.)* To think there are places where children are being taught to hate others and also America! I do find it hard to believe—and I ask, what can I do, as a Christian, to help put an end to such teachings?

Mrs. Alice L. Joralemon

We can try to make the good so attractive that the bad gains few followers!

This One Fell In the Right Spot

Alexandria, Va.

Dear Editor:

A provision for Christian Herald in the will of Roberta M. Skinker is as follows:

"My U. S. Treasury 4½% bonds of 1947-52, registered in my name, I give and bequeath, in Memoriam of my husband, Charles B. Skinker, to Christian Herald, New York City, New York, which he loved and read to the end of his life. . . ."

Albert V. Bryan, Attorney

"We shoot our arrows into the air,
They fall to earth we know not where" . . . unless, as happens here so gracefully, they tell us.

A Permanent Subscriber—We Hope

Salem, Virginia

Dear Editor:

Will you please tell me how long your series of reproductions of the world's greatest religious paintings will run? My son, who is an art student, wants to subscribe to *Christian Herald,* beginning with the June issue, and running as long as your series of paintings run.

Watson E. Holley

The pictures will run indefinitely. But we hope the young man will at least read the jokes, too!

★

RADIO DRAMAS

Radio Dramas, although effective, are quite simple to produce because no costumes or scenery are necessary.

Broadcasting stations are eager for programs of a religious nature, put on by small church groups. If your society wishes to broadcast a religious drama, go to the local station and ask their cooperation. You will find them not only willing but extremely helpful in directing your drama and supplying the needed sound effects. Already many requests have come from young people's groups for Biblical dramas which could be used for this purpose. We have available 12 excellent dramas, prepared by Howard Cook, four of which take 15 minutes, the balance 30 minutes to produce.

The price is 50 cents each for the 15-minute dramas, $1.00 for the 30-minute. Script includes musical direction and scene description.

A list, describing these different dramas, will be sent to any address upon receipt of stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address Radio Dramas, Christian Herald, 419 Fourth Ave., N. Y. City.

describes the growth of the child Jesus. Does anyone counsel the use of alcohol as an aid in developing the powers of children? From a Christian point of view, are not the users of alcohol always on the defense, excusing themselves for their indulgence, and never laying claim to more attainments because of alcohol?

3. *Christian principles are based on the call of the spirit rather than on the demands of the flesh.* This is made plain in the verses describing the first temptation of Jesus (Luke 4:3, 4). This temptation was through physical appetites and desires. When in the pangs of hunger Jesus was challenged to prove His power as the Son of God by changing stones into bread, He became the type of all humanity struggling against natural longing and appetite.

4. *A Christian is influenced by the law of compensation* (Luke 6:21, 25, 43-45). The verses state both positively and negatively that a balance is always maintained; that those who give themselves over to hilarious and reckless living shall surely pay the price; that those who soberly follow the path of right have a sure reward or joy in the future.

The simile of good and bad fruit makes the point clear.

5. *A Christian is always anxious about the example which he sets before others.* Even though he might be persuaded that he could use strong drink without paying too heavy a penalty, the fact that his action would be a stumbling block to others will hold him back. "If meat cause my brother to stumble, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to stumble," is Paul's unique way of stating the case.

(Continued from page 29)

one and saved 40,000 votes in my state," said a leader. Well, many others have "straddled that one" but Mr. Willkie couldn't. He believes that intolerance is one of the greatest social sins. He believes in America, America with her Constitution and the Bill of Rights, and in all her civil liberties. And I believe that long after this particular incident is forgotten America will remember the moral integrity of Wendell Willkie. His religious philosophy is a good deal like that of Will Rogers. Will once said, "I never saw a man I didn't like."

I got the impression one afternoon in Indiana that to be elected president is to Wendell Willkie not the ultimate thing, but that being in all ways possible to him worthy of the presidency is primary. With such a formula a man can survive either success or failure and remain good company for himself.

Also I heard him say, "There is a price that I wouldn't pay—for anything." And that is at the heart of the Religion of Wendell Willkie.

I am not a political prophet. This is not a political journal. I went to Indiana to get for *Christian Herald* readers an answer to a question they seriously asked. Here is the answer.

I do not know whether I have written about a man who will become president of the United States, but I am sure that I have written about one who is worthy to become president of the United States.

REMARKABLE What a Little REGULAR INCOME Will Do!

• *Maybe it merely supplements irregular earnings . . . . Maybe it's just the difference between peace of mind and frequent worry . . . . Maybe it's all there is to protect old age . . . .*

There are many situations in life which an Annuity Agreement of the American Bible Society can take care of successfully.

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American Bible Society, Bible House, New York, N. Y.
Please send me, without obligation, your booklet CH-46 entitled "A Gift That Lives."

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Address_____

City_____ State_____

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☆

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The story of Cornell's football coach

☆

Do Fathers Always Know Best

By Grace Nies Fletcher

A Temperance Drama

☆

Demons and Doctors

By Frank S. Mead

The story of Walter Judd in China

After All!

NONSENSE DESERVES ITS PLACE IN THE SUN

Plu-rular

Teacher: "Tommy, is trousers singular or plural?"

Tommy *(after much thought):* "Singular at the top and plural at the bottom."

—Menthology.

Sensitive

Repair Man—"Where is your radiator cap?"

Citizen—"On the front end of the car, but don't call me 'Cap.'"

—Farm Journal.

Never Mind the Others

A school teacher asked her class to name the 10 greatest men in the world. One boy turned in the following:

The New York Yankees..... 9
The Lone Ranger..... 1

—Exchange.

Return Match Lost

Magistrate—"Well, Sam, it looks as if you and your wife have been fighting again. Liquor, I suppose?"

Sam—"No, suh, judge, she licked me dis time."

—Farm Journal.

X-cels All

The greatest letter in the alphabet is the "X."

X is the Roman notation for ten;
X is the mark of illiterate men;
X means a crossing, as drivers should note;
X in a circle must count as a vote;
X is a quantity wholly unknown;
X is a ruler removed from his throne;
X-mas is Christmas, a season of bliss;
X in a letter is good for one kiss;
X is for Xerxes, that Monarch renowned;
X is the place where the money was found.

—Tuckerton Beacon.

The Great Awakening

A doctor's telephone waked him one night. It was a man in a wild state of alarm.

"My wife, doctor," he shouted. "It's her appendix. You'd better come round and see her at once."

"Give her some bicarbonate or ginger ale, and I'll look in tomorrow," the doctor said. "She hasn't got appendicitis."

The excited husband insisted that she did have appendicitis.

"Well, she can't have!" the doctor shouted. "I took her appendix out three years ago, and I never heard of anyone having two appendixes."

"Ever hear of anybody having two wives?" the man asked bitterly.

—Kablegram.

Was His Face Red!

The young man walked boldly up to the elderly woman whom he had mistaken for the principal of the finishing school. "May I see Miss Barker, please?" he asked.

"May I ask who you are?"

"Certainly, I am her brother."

"Well, well! I'm glad to meet you. I'm her mother."

—Menthology.

Botanical Item

A young woman from the East—with two college degrees—stopped in Amarillo, Tex., for the first time:

"What is there of interest in Amarillo?" she asked the hotel clerk.

"Well," he replied, "we have the only helium plant in the world."

"Really," she remarked, "is it in bloom now?"

—Exchange.

Explained!

Country Teacher (enrolling two brothers. To the first): "Your name and date of birth?"

"John Brown, born June 12, 1924."

To second brother: "And yours?"

"James Brown, born June 12, 1924."

Teacher: "Are you twins?"

Brothers (in unison): "No, miss, we're not."

Teacher (bewildered): "Then what are you?"

The Brothers: "Please, miss, we're all that's left of triplets."

—Exchange.

O Wonderful Horse!

O horse, you are a wonderful thing;
No buttons to push, no horn to honk;
You start yourself, no clutch to slip;
No spark to miss, no gears to strip;
No license buying every year,
With plates to screw on front and rear;
No gas bills climbing up each day,
Stealing the joy of life away;
No speed cops chugging in your rear,
Yelling summons in your ear.
Your inner tubes are all O.K.
And thank the Lord, they stay that way;
Your spark plugs never miss and fuss;
Your motor never makes us cuss.
Your frame is good for many a mile;
Your body never changes style.
Your wants are few and easy met;
You've something on the auto yet.

—Kablegram.